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EDUCATION OFFICE,
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FREDERICTON, *April* 25, 1872.

The Board of Education, under the Authority of THE COMMON SCHOOLS ACT 1871, has prescribed this edition of *No. II. of the Royal Readers*, as a Text-Book for use in the Schools of this Province.

THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent of Education.

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The Royal School Series.

No. II.

THE ROYAL READERS.

ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1877

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CONTENTS.

The Spider, ...	7	The Lion and the Mouse, ..	55
The Child and the Bird, ..	10	The Pet Lamb, ...	57
The Rabbits, ...	11	*Persevere*, ...	61
The Two Goats, ...	13	The Crow and the Pitcher, ..	62
Early Rising, ...	16	The Soldier and the Horse, ..	63
Bees, ...	17	*Lessons*, ...	65
The Bee, ...	20	The White Bear, ...	65
Proverbs, ...	21	*Never put off*, ...	67
The Swan, ...	22	The Fox and the Goat, ..	68
Tell the Truth, ...	24	*Play*, ...	70
Proverbs, ...	25	Useful Knowledge.—A House,	71
Welcome, Little Robin, ..	26	The Traveller and the Lion, ..	74
The Wolf, ...	28	The Bear in School, ...	75
The Echo, ...	30	*The Fairy Ring*, ...	78
Good Night and Good Morning, ...	31	The Whale, ...	80
Story of a Parrot, ...	32	The Hare and the Tortoise, ..	82
Little Things, ...	33	Speedy and Steady, ...	84
The Cat and the Canary, ..	34	*The Wood-Mouse*, ...	86
The Wasp and the Bee, ..	36	The Boy and the Plums, ..	89
The Horse, ...	37	*The Two Crossing-Sweepers*, ..	90
The Dog with the Lantern, ..	39	Useful Knowledge.—The Seasons, ...	92
Truth, ...	41	*Too Clever*, ...	95
Useful Knowledge.—Animals,	42	The Prince and the Prisoners,	95
The Camel, ...	44	The Brave Little Hollander, ..	97
Story of a Dog, ...	46	*What the Sparrow Chirps*, ..	99
The Golden Rule, ...	49	The Lion, ...	101
The Donkey, ...	50	The Tiger, ...	104
Story of the Sheep and the Lamb, ...	51	The Leopard, ...	106
The Brown Bear, ...	53	The Zebra, ...	108
		The Jaguar, ...	110

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PREFACE.

THIS book forms No. II. of "*The Royal Readers.*" The lessons in it are designed so to interest young people as to induce them to read, not as task-work merely, but for the pleasure of the thing. The pieces are of a character well calculated to give life, and point, and fresh interest to the daily work of the class—to allure the children to read, and to make them delight in exercising their power of reading.

In adapting the lessons for the daily work of the school-room, especial care has been bestowed upon the WORD-LESSONS, so as to make them available for a great variety of exercises.

I. The MEANINGS of the difficult words are given at the head of each lesson. The object here has been, not so much to give dictionary meanings, or synonyms, as to translate the words into the language of children. The definitions are in such a form as to admit of their being readily substituted in the lesson for the words explained.

II. The SPELLING-LESSONS given in the *print-writing* character are intended for Slate exercises. They can be

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written either in this character or in the ordinary Script, according to the stage of advancement of the pupil.

III. As a special lesson in PRONUNCIATION, the more difficult words are divided into syllables. Great importance is attached to this exercise, and teachers are advised to make use of it systematically. They will find that when their pupils have learned to pronounce these words correctly in syllables, the difficulty of spelling them will have been greatly reduced.

To each lesson there are appended QUESTIONS on the subject-matter or on the picture. These questions have been prepared with a special view to enable the pupil himself to ascertain whether he has mastered the chief points of the lesson.

NOTE.—An asterisk after a word indicates that its meaning is given at the head of the lesson.

The *Useful Knowledge Lessons* are intended to be prepared at home by the pupil.

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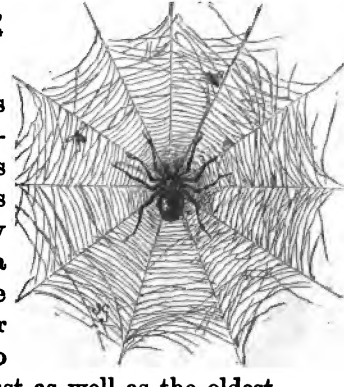
SECOND READING-BOOK.

THE SPIDER.

Isl'-and, land with water round it. | Pounce, dart down quickly.

Do you see the spider in the picture? He has just got his web done; and there he sits in the very middle of it, ready to pounce* upon a fly.



The spider loves work. He begins to work as soon as he begins to live. Every spider is born a *weaver*. Even the youngest spider knows how to weave his web just as well as the oldest.

The spider never has to go to school to learn his task. So, the little duck can swim as soon as it is hatched. And the little bird can

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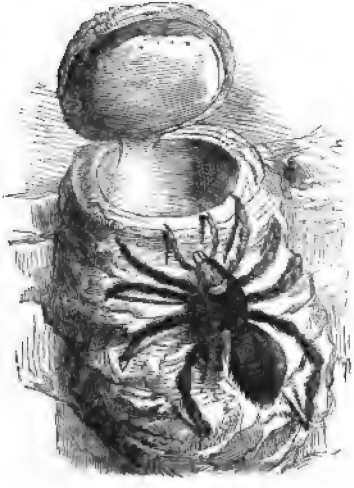
build its nest, and the bee can make the honeycomb, without any teaching.

God has given these creatures the power to do their work. And that is why they never make any blunders. Not all the weavers and spinners in the world could beat the spider in the work that he does.

The spider is never in a hurry. He always takes care to make every thread fast. He takes a pride in doing his work well.

All spiders have not the same kind of work to do. But they all do it in the very best way.



Some spiders are *masons*. These build houses, the size of a big thimble. They make doors to them, which they shut when they go in. It is even said that they are able to fasten the door of the house inside, so that no robber can get in.

The garden spider lets its threads float in the air till they happen to take hold of plants or branches of trees. It then uses these

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threads as the roads or bridges by which it crosses from place to place.

A strange story is told of a spider saving his life by this means. He was put upon the end of a stick which stood a foot or two out of water. He was on a little island* in the midst of a little sea.

What did he do? He walked down the stick to the edge of the water. He went round and round it; but he could find no way to get off.

He then went once more to the top of the stick, and kept still for a while. He seemed to say to himself, "Well, I am in a nice fix now; what am I to do?"

He soon made up his mind. For he at once began to spin a long thread. He made one end of it fast to the top of the stick; and let the thread float away in the wind till it caught a tree on the shore. He then slid along the line, and got safely to dry land at last!

QUESTIONS.—What is every spider, when he is born? Who has taught him? What do the mason-spiders build? How does the garden-spider cross from place to place? What did the spider do when he was put on a stick in the water?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

spi'-der	weav'-er	teach'-ing	spin'-ners	rob'-ber
pic'-ture	youn'-gest	crea'-tures	hur'-ry	bridg'-es
mid'-dle	old'-est	pow'-er	thim'-ble	wa'-ter
look'-ing	hon'-ey	nev'-er	ma'-sons	him-self'
be-gins'	with-out'	blun'-ders	hous'-es	safe'-ly

WRITE:—

build | *thread* | *float* | *while*
school | *caught* | *pounce* | *shore*

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THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

Little bird, little bird, come to me!
I have a clean cage all ready for thee;
Many bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh, ripe cherries, all wet with dew.—

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I dearly love the clear, cool air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree
Is better than golden cage for me."—

Little bird, little bird, where wilt thou go
When all the fields are buried in snow?
The ice will cover the old oak tree;
Little bird, little bird, stay with me!—

"Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky:
When Spring comes back with cheerful rain
My joyful song you will hear again."—

Little bird, little bird, who will guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one, come with me to stay;
If you don't, I am sure you will lose your way.—

"Ah, no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea:
He made me free as the morning air,
To drink the sunshine everywhere!"

Questions.—What does the little bird like better than a pretty cage? Where does the bird go in winter? When does it come back again? Why does it not lose its way?

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PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

lit'-tle	maid'-en	bur'-ied	warm'-er	fool'-ish
read'-y	dear'-ly	cov'-er	cheer'-ful	morn'-ing
flow'-ers	bet'-ter	a-way'	joy'-ful	sun'-shine
cher'-ries	gold'-en	green'-er	o'-ver	ev'-er-y-where

WRITE:—

clean	*fields*	*rain*	*drink*
bright	*thanks*	*spring*	*guides*

THE RABBITS.

THERE is George looking at the rabbits. Let us go and see them too.

"Oh, how pretty they are! Can they eat anything?"

Yes, Lily. You may give them these green leaves.

Now they see the leaves. Oh, how they are feasting! They seem very hungry.

Their little mouths go round and round the edges of the fresh green leaves, and soon they will eat them all up.

Wild rabbits go into holes which they make

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in the ground. There they are safe, and do not fear either dogs or cats; or even men, who would like to catch them.

In the evening, they come out of their holes to feed in the fields. They sit very close to

the ground, amongst the grass, and you can hardly see the little gray things.

But if you clap your hands, they will all run off to their holes, and you may see lots of little white tails bobbing over the field.

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It is a pretty sight, to see wild rabbits running over the fields.

On the hills near the sea-shore, where Lily lives, there are hundreds and hundreds of them.

There is quite a large rabbit town there, with its streets and houses, all under the ground.

Lily must go with me some day, and perhaps we shall see some of the little creatures that live in the rabbit town.

QUESTIONS.—What do rabbits eat? How do they eat them? Where do wild rabbits live? Where are there hundreds of them? When a great many of them live together, what do you call the place?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

look'-ing	pret'-ty	edg'-es	a-mongst'	hous'-es
rab'-bits	feast'-ing	ei'-ther	run'-ning	per-haps'
Lil'-y	hun'-gry	eve'-ning	hun'-dreds	crea'-tures

WRITE:—

green	*wait*	*round*	*sight*
George	*leaves*	*catch*	*quite*

THE TWO GOATS.

Chasm, opening in the rocks; cleft. | **Ledge**, a shelf of rock.

ON a wild mountain, two goats met on a ledge* just over a high cliff. The ledge was so narrow, that there was neither room for them to pass each other, nor to turn round and go back. A steep rock rose straight above them—a deep

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dark chasm* lay below! What do you think the two goats did?

One of them with great care laid himself down on the narrow ledge, pressing as close to the rock as he could. Then the other goat gently and softly stepped over his friend, till, safely past him, he could lightly bound away.

The goat that had lain down then drew himself up from his lowly place, safe and sound, free to spring again from rock to rock, and crop the sweet grass on the hills.

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Two other goats had left the valley, and climbed far up the mountain. At length they met on the banks of a wild, rushing stream. A tree had fallen across the stream, and formed a bridge from the one side to the other.

The goats looked at each other, and each wished to pass over first.

They stood for a moment with one foot on the tree, each thinking that the other would draw back. But neither of them would give way, and they met at last on the middle of the narrow bridge!

They then began to push and fight with their horns, till at last their feet slipped, and both the goats fell into the swift flowing stream, and were lost in the waters!

Both might have been saved, if either of them had known how to yield at the right time.

QUESTIONS.—Where did the first two goats meet? What rose above them? What lay below? How did they manage to pass one another? Where did the other two goats meet? What did each claim? What took place in the middle of the bridge? They were both lost, because neither of them - - -?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

moun'-tain	press'-ing	light'-ly	val'-ley	mo'-ment
nar'-row	gen'-tly	him-self'	rush'-ing	mid'-dle
nei'-ther	soft'-ly	low'-ly	fall'-en	flow'-ing

WRITE:—

ledge	*ground*	*yield*	*swift*
chasm	*climbed*	*bridge*	*stream*

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EARLY RISING.

Re-joic'-es, is very glad. | Wel'-come, to receive gladly.

GET up, little sister; the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome* the light:
The buds are all opening; the dew's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please;
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I daresay, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of spring;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
Thinking (wise little insect) work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices* that now the gay spring has begun:
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up; for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy or sad:
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

sing'-ing	moth'-ers	swim'-ming	la'-bours	cheer'-ful
morn'-ing	skip'-ping	dare-say'	in'-sect	hap'-py
o'-pen-ing	fish'-es	hon'-ey	sing'-ing	la'-zy
show'-er	mer'-ri-ly	i'-dles	gai'-ly	day'-light

WRITE:—

shake	*lambs*	*lark*	*dear*
branch	*please*	*wrong*	*gives*

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BEES.

Cells, little holes or boxes.
House on her back, the snail's shell.
Takes shel'-ter, hides itself.
Thrusts, pushes with force.
Vis'-it, go to.
Wax'-en, made of wax.

LOOK at that bee on the flower. See how it shakes its wings, and works with its little feet. Ah! it is off to another flower. It is working again!

Now it is off to another! How busy it is! It does not rest a minute in one place. It seems to have a great deal of work to do, and to be in haste to get it done.

Now let us go to the other end of the garden.

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Do you see those little straw houses, which have no windows, and only a very small door?

They are the houses in which the bees live, and are called hives.

A great many bees live in each hive. See how many are going in!

When spring comes, and the flowers begin to bloom, the bees come out of the hives very early in the morning. They fly away, and gather the sweet juice out of the flowers.

The bee has a long tongue, which it thrusts* into the flower, to suck up the juice. Then it carries the juice to the hive, and makes it into honey.

QUESTIONS.—How many children do you see in the picture? What are they looking at? What are bees' houses called? What are they made of? Why do the bees go out early in spring? With what does the bee suck up the juice?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

flow'-er	work'-ing	min'-ute	win'-dows	blos'-som	gath'-er
lit'-tle	a-gain'	gar'-den	man'-y	ear'-ly	car'-ries
an-oth'-er	bus'-y	hous'-es	be-gin'	morn'-ing	hon'-ey

WRITE:—

wings	*juice*	*shape*	*thrusts*
shakes	*haste*	*sweet*	*tongue*

WHEN a bee sets out in the morning to look for honey, it does not visit* only the flowers near at hand. It goes very often more than a mile from its own hive; but it never loses its way.

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When a shower of rain comes on, it takes* shelter in some little hole in a wall, or perhaps among the leaves of a tree, or inside a large flower. When the sun peeps out again, it mounts up into the air, and flies swiftly home.

Bees gather not only honey, but also a kind of golden dust, from the inside of flowers. This dust they carry home on their hind legs. They use it to make bee-bread in the hive, as food for the young bees.

This dust they also use to make wax; and with the wax they build a great many little cells,* all of the same shape, and all nicely fitted together.

They fill those cells with the sweet honey. The little waxen* cells filled with honey are called the honey comb.

QUESTIONS.—How far does a bee often go from its hive? What does it do when a shower comes on? What do bees gather besides the juice? What do they do with it? What else? What is honey comb?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

oft'-en	show'-er	a-mong'	swift'-ly	gold'-en	nice'-ly
loc'-es	per-haps'	in'-side	gath'-er	car'-ry	fit'-ted

WRITE:—

near	*flies*	*young*	*great*
takes	*large*	*mounts*	*leaves*

ONE day a snail crawled into a bee-hive. The bees soon crowded about her in great wonder.

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They could not make out what the lady with the house* on her back could want.

As she was very much in the way, creeping along the street of their busy little town, they tried to turn her out. But it was all in vain. They could not get her to go out of the hive.

At last they fell upon another plan. They sealed up all the edges of her shell with wax, and so fixed it firmly to the bottom of the hive. The poor snail could not move. She soon died, and did not trouble them any more.

QUESTIONS.—What one day got into a hive? What did the bees try to do? What did they do when they failed? And what then?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

crowd'-ed	la'-dy	a-long'	an-oth'-er	bot'-tom
a-bout'	ver'-y	bus'-y	edg'-es	troub'-le
won'-der	creep'-ing	lit'-tle	firm'-ly	an'-y

WRITE:—

snail	*town*	*could*	*died*
crawled	*street*	*fixed*	*sealed*

THE BEE.

Ap-ply', give.
At-tend', give heed.
Lin'-ger, put off time.
'Mid, amid.

I LOVE to see the busy bee,
I love to watch the hive:
When the sun is hot they linger* not—
It makes them all alive.

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God gave them skill, and with good will
They to their work attend:*
Each little cell is shaped so well,
That none their work can mend.

Now in, now out, they move about,
Yet all in order true;
Each seems to know both where to go,
And what it has to do.

'Mid* summer heat, the honey sweet
It gathers while it may,
In tiny drops, and never stops
To waste its time in play.

I hear it come, I know its hum;
It flies from flower to flower;
And to its store a little more
It adds, each day and hour.

Just so should I my heart apply,*
My proper work to mind:
Look for some sweet in all I meet,
And store up all I find.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

bus'-y	lit'-tle	sum'-mer	ti'-ny	flow'-er
a-live'	or'-der	hon'-ey	nev'-er	prop'-er

WRITE:—

skill	*true*	*while*	*work*
watch	*shaped*	*waste*	*some*

PROVERBS.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

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THE SWAN.

Di'-ving, going under the water.
Grace'-ful, easy and pretty in motion.
Hatched, brought out of the egg.
Web'-feet, feet with skin stretched between the toes.

THE tame swan is a very gentle bird. It likes to swim on streams and ponds. When it is young it is gray, and not at all a pretty bird; but when it is full-grown it is as white as snow.

Look at the swan in the picture. See how graceful it is as it sails along.

Among the bushes and high grass near the water the swan builds its nest. It is made of dry sticks or rushes, and is placed on the ground. Here the swan lays its eggs.

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As soon as the young ones are hatched,* away the little creatures run to the water! They need no school and no teaching, for God has made them so that they can swim at once, as well as the old birds.

Did you ever see the feet of a swan? They are made for swimming. All birds that love the water, and swim in it, have web-feet.* Swans have web-feet, and so have ducks, and a number of other birds.

They can all swim well; but hens and chickens and sparrows cannot swim at all, for they have not web-feet like the swan and the duck.

The swan has a long neck; and by means of it, it can reach its food without diving* as ducks do. The swan feeds on the seeds, leaves, and roots of water-plants.

QUESTIONS.—What colour is the swan when it is young? What colour is it when it is full-grown? Where does it build its nest? What is the nest made of? What do the young swans do, as soon as they are hatched? What kind of feet has the swan? What other bird has the same kind of feet? Of what use is the swan's long neck? What does it feed on?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

gen'-tle	a-mong'	crea'-tures	num'-ber	spar'-rows
pret'-ty	bush'-es	teach'-ing	oth'-er	can'-not
pic'-ture	rush'-es	swim'-ming	chick'-ens	in'-sects

WRITE:—

grown	*sticks*	*ground*	*leaves*
streams	*builds*	*hatched*	*school*

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TELL THE TRUTH.

Hap'-pens, comes about; occurs.
Stern'-ly, in an angry tone.
Tempt'-ed, inclined wrongly; drawn astray.

THERE was once a little boy whose name was George, and his father one day gave him a small axe to play with.

George was greatly pleased with it, and took it with him to the garden. He roamed about, trying it upon nearly every thing that came in his way.

At last he came to a young cherry-tree, and began to try the axe on it. He soon made some deep cuts in the tree. And then he walked away to another part of the garden.

This cherry-tree was greatly prized by his father; but George forgot all about that.

By-and-by his father came to that part of the garden where the tree stood. He was very sorry when he found his fine cherry-tree almost ruined.

"George!" said he sternly* to his son, "who has done this?"

Did George answer, "I don't know, father"? O no. Did he lay the blame on any one else? O no.

With tears in his eyes he looked up to his father's face. "Father," said he, "I can't tell a lie—I did it."

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Noble boy! He was not afraid to tell the truth; and his father at once forgave him.

Boys are often tempted* to speak what is not the truth. When that happens* let each one think of George, and try like him to say, "I can't tell a lie." Come what may, boys, speak the truth.

"Speak the truth, and speak it ever,
Cost it what it will;
He who hides the wrong he did
Does the wrong thing still."

The boy of this story became one of the greatest men that ever lived. He was GEORGE WASHINGTON.

QUESTIONS.—What did George get from his father? What did he try it upon? What did he at last injure very much with it? Whom did this make very sorry? What did his father say to him? What did George answer? What did this boy become? Who was he?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

fa'-ther	try'-ing	be-gan'	ru'-ined	sto'-ry
great'-ly	near'-ly	a-way'	an'-swer	be-came'
gar'-den	ev'-er-y	an-oth'-er	no'-ble	great'-est
a-bout'	cher'-ry-tree	for-got'	for-gave'	Wash'-ing-ton

WRITE:—

once	*prized*	*found*	*truth*
George	*roamed*	*wrong*	*lived*

PROVERBS.

BETTER to slip with the foot than with the tongue.
He is wise who speaks little.
As the tree is, such is the fruit.

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WELCOME, LITTLE ROBIN.

Bless'-ings, things that make us happy.

Or'-phans, children who have lost father or mother, or both.

On a cold winter day a poor little robin once came to a window. Some children who saw it, opened the window very gently, and the robin came hopping into the room. The children fed it with crumbs, and then let it fly away again. During the winter it came back several times to its little friends; but when the warm weather came, it flew away to the woods.

Welcome, little Robin
With the scarlet breast!
In this winter weather
Cold must be your nest.

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Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

Is the story true, Robin,
You were once so good
To the little orphans*
Sleeping in the wood?
Did you see them lying,
Pale, and cold, and still,
And strew leaves above them
With your little bill?

Whether true or not, Robin,
We are glad to see
How you trust us children,
Walking in so free.
Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

And though little Robin
Has no gift of speech,
Yet he can a lesson
To the children teach;—
Still to trust that blessings*
Will be richly given,
When they ask their Father
For their bread from heaven.

J. D. B.

QUESTIONS.—What did the children do when the robin came to the window? What did the robin do? During what time did he come back? Where did he go when the warm weather came? What did the robin show by hopping in so freely? What lesson does he teach to children?

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PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

wel'-come	hop'-ping	sto'-ry	wheth'-er	rich'-ly
rob'-in	car'-pet	lit'-tle	walk'-ing	giv'-en
scar'-let	pick'-ing	sleep'-ing	les'-son	Fa'-ther
weath'-er	chil'-dren	ly'-ing	win'-ter	heav'-en

WRITE:—

breast	*true*	*trust*	*though*
crumbs	*once*	*strew*	*speech*

THE WOLF.

Beasts of prey, animals that kill other animals for food.

Depth, the coldest part.

For'-est, a very large wood.

THE wolf is one of the fiercest of all the beasts* of prey. It is an animal of the dog kind, and is a little like a dog, and a little like a fox.

It has its den in the forest,* far away from the homes of men. Here in summer it lives on birds, hares, and other small animals.

But in winter, wolves often leave the forests in search of food. They then hunt in large packs or bands; and when pressed by hunger they become very fierce and bold. They will even enter villages, and attack lambs, sheep, cows, and horses.

In the depth* of winter, when the snow is on the ground, a wild howl is often heard in the stillness of the night. And in the morning, the loss of a cow or a horse tells the people of the village that they have had a visit from the wild wolf of the forest.

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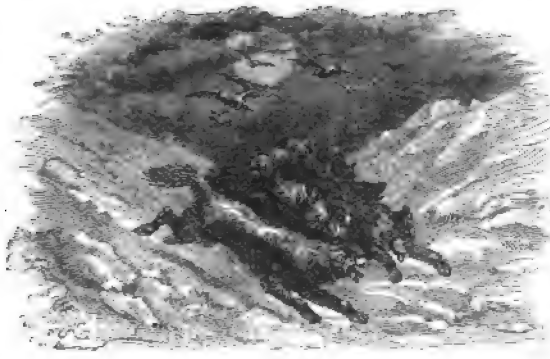

Once a Russian noble and his wife were chased by a pack of wolves, when driving in a sledge drawn by four horses.

They were in great fear of being torn to pieces. And they had to leave first one, and then another of their horses, to occupy the wolves till they got out of their reach!

QUESTIONS.—What other animals is the wolf like? Where has it its den? What does it live upon in summer? How do wolves hunt in winter? Where do they sometimes go in search of food? What is often heard in the quiet night? What tells of their visit in the morning? How did a Russian noble and his wife once escape from a pack?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

fierc'-est	sum'-mer	be-come'	at-tack'	Rus'-sian
an'-i-mal	win'-ter	en'-ter	still'-ness	driv'-ing
a-way'	huñ'-ger	vil'-la-ges	morn'-ing	oc'-cu-py

WRITE:—

preys	*wolves*	*packs*	*howl*
beasts	*search*	*depths*	*lambs*

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THE ECHO.

Ech'-o, a sound sent back from a rock, hill, or wood.
Shout'-ed, called loudly.
Sur-prise', wonder.

"HOP, hop, hop!" shouted* little Henry, as he was playing in a field near a wood.

"Hop, hop, hop!" came an echo* in reply.

"Who is there?" asked Henry in surprise;* for he had never heard an echo before.

"Who is there?" replied the echo.

"Foolish fellow!" cried Henry, at the top of his voice.

"Foolish fellow!" was the reply from the wood.

At this Henry became very angry, and called out many ugly names. The voice from the wood sent back every word.

Now, when Henry could not see who was speaking from the wood, he ran home and told his father that a boy hid in the wood had called him bad names!

"Ah, Henry!" said his father, "you have heard nothing but the echo of your own words. The bad names came first from your own lips. Had you used kind and gentle words, you would have had kind and gentle words in return. Kind words bring back kind echoes."

QUESTIONS.—What did Henry ask, when the echo sent back his words? What did the echo reply? What did Henry then cry? At this he became - -? and called out - - -? And the voice from the wood - - - -? What did he tell his father? What did his father say he had heard? What bring back kind echoes?

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PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

Hen'-ry	be-fore'	fel'-low	ev'-er-y	noth'-ing
play'-ing	re-plied'	an'-gry	speak'-ing	gen'-tle
nev'-er	fool'-ish	ug'-ly	fa'-ther	re-turn'

WRITE:—

field	*voice*	*first*	*your*
heard	*names*	*words*	*used*

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

Cu'-ri-ous, strange; not common.
De-light', joy.
Fa'-vour-ite, best loved.
Fox'-glove, a wild plant, with a flower shaped like the finger of a glove.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, Good Night! Good Night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious* flight,
"Little black things, Good Night! Good Night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,*
"Good little girl, Good Night! Good Night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good Night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light!
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove* bent his head—
The violets bowed and went to bed;

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And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite* prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good Morning! Good Morning! our work is begun!"

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

lit'-tle	fold'-ed	cry'-ing	seem'-ing	vi'-o-lets
un'-der	num'-ber	hors'-es	qui'-et	pil'-low
sew'-ing	o'-ver	ox'-en	nev'-er	beau'-ti-ful

WRITE:—

such	*flight*	*lowed*	*knees*
smoothed	*watched*	*neighed*	*world*

STORY OF A PARROT.

Bar'-gain, what he had given so much for.

Re-ply', answer.
Who'll, who will.

A POOR man had a parrot. The parrot had been taught to say the words, "There is no doubt about it." These words were all it could learn, and it might have been heard all day long either whistling a tune, or calling out, "There is no doubt about it!"—"There is no doubt about it!"

To every question Poll always gave the same reply*—"There is no doubt about it!"

One day its master went to market to sell it. "Who'll* buy my parrot?" cried he. "Twenty pounds for my parrot!"

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A man, hearing the high price that was asked, turned to the parrot, and said, "Poll, art thou worth twenty pounds?"

"There is no doubt about it!" was Poll's reply. The man was so pleased, that he bought the bird, and carried it home.

Some time after, he was sorry for his bargain. Standing beside the cage of the parrot, he said, "What a fool I was, to throw so much money away!"

"There is no doubt about it!" cried the bird. And this time the parrot was right.

QUESTIONS.—What words had the parrot been taught to say? What price did its master ask for it? What did the man say to the parrot? What did the parrot answer? What did the man then do? What did he say when he was sorry for his bargain? What did the bird cry? And this time the parrot - -?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

par'-rot whis'-tling ques'-tion mas'-ter twen'-ty car'-ried
ei'-ther call'-ing al'-ways mar'-ket hear'-ing stand'-ing

WRITE:—

doubt	*learn*	*asked*	*price*
taught	*might*	*pounds*	*throw*

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE moments make an hour;
Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
Water-drops, a brook:
Little deeds of faith and love
Link the earth to heaven above.

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THE CAT AND THE CANARY.

Cause, why it did it.
Con-duct, act; way of going on.
Dan-ger, fear of harm.
Perch, light on; settle on
Seized, caught hold of.
Sur-prise', wonder.
Ter-ror, great fear; alarm.

HERE is a cat with a poor little bird in its mouth. Perhaps you think it is a sparrow, that had flown down on the road to pick up a few crumbs, and was seized* by this cruel cat.

You are wrong. This cat is the little bird's friend; and the bird is not a sparrow at all, but a pretty canary.

Come and I shall tell you the story of this picture.

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"A lady had a canary, so tame that it would fly about her room, perch* on her chair, hop on her finger, and eat crumbs out of her hand.

"The lady had also a cat, which often came into the room where the bird's cage hung. But the bird was in no danger* from it. The cat had been taught, when quite a little kitten, to be kind to the bird; and the two were very good friends.

"One day the lady went into the kitchen. Her bird was on her shoulder, and the cat came running after her.

"The canary flew down from the lady's shoulder, to pick up a crumb from the floor.

"What was the lady's surprise,* when in a moment the cat seized the bird in its mouth, and jumped upon the kitchen table with it!

"The lady was in terror* at first, for the safety of her bird; but she soon saw the cause* of the strange conduct* of her cat.

"Another cat was at the kitchen door, and her own cat had seized the bird to save it from danger!

"No sooner was the stranger driven out of the house, than the lady's cat let the canary go; and away it flew to its mistress quite unhurt."

QUESTIONS.—What kind of bird is that in the cat's mouth? Does it mean to hurt it? Why has it carried it off? What cat

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is that at the door? When did the cat let the bird go again? When had the cat been taught to be kind to the canary?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

per-haps′	ca-na′-ry	fĭn′-ger	run′-ning	seen′-er
spar′-row	sto′-ry	kit′-ten	mo′-ment	străn′-ger
cru′-el	pic′-ture	kitch′-en	safe′-ty	mis′-tress
pret′-ty	la′-dy	sheul′-der	an-eth′-er	un-hurt′

WRITE:—

mouth	*perch*	*chair*	*flew*
seized	*friend*	*strange*	*quite*

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

Be-hold′, look at.
Be-ware′, take warning.
Del′-i-cate, thin; fine.
Dil′-i-gent, busy; fond of work.
El′-e-gant, well-made, neat.
Fair, pretty.
Hand′-some, good-looking.
Mis′-chief, naughty work; evil.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant,* too, to behold;*
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin!" said the bee, "'tis all very true;
But if I were half as much mischief* to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape, and a delicate* wing;
They own you are handsome;* but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with—and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me—
Because I'm a harmless and diligent* bee."

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From this little story, let people beware;*
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, though ever so fair.*

QUESTIONS.—What did the wasp ask the bee? Why did he think people should love him? What did the bee say people could not put up with? What kind of coat had the bee? Why was nobody ever angry with her? Ill-natured people will - - -? though they are - - -?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

buz'-zing	bet'-ter	no'-bod-y	home'-ly	harm'-less
lit'-tle	peo'-ple	in-deed'	an'-gry	sto'-ry
coas'-in	yel'-low	can'-not	be-cause'	ill-na'-tured

WRITE:—

said	*shape*	*half*	*plain*
wasp	*shines*	*sting*	*quite*

THE HORSE.

De-fend' himself, make himself safe; fight.
De-stroy', to kill.
Faith'-ful, true to his master; devoted.
Fa'-vour-ite, much liked; pet.

THE horse is a noble, useful animal. He is gentle, and willing to work. He is not made to destroy* or to hurt, but to be of use to man. He never takes the life of any other creature for his food; for he feeds on grass, hay, and corn.

You have seen that he cannot defend* himself against the fierce wolf. He can run away, but the wolf can run too; and many fearful tales are told of the races for life between the horse and the hungry wolf.

The horse loves his master, and soon learns

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to know him. A story is told of a soldier who had a favourite* horse, that never seemed so happy as when his master was on his back. Then he was all life, and full of spirit.

At last, in a fierce battle, the soldier was killed, and fell from his horse. When his body was found some days afterwards, the faithful* animal was still standing beside it!

During that long time, the horse had never left the body of his master. Without food or water, he had stood over it, driving away the birds of prey. Was he not a noble animal?

QUESTIONS.—What kind of animal is the horse? What is he not made to do? What food does he live on? What animal can

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he not fight against? What is the story of the horse in the picture? How long had he stood there?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

no'-ble	can'-not	ra'-ces	hap'-py	stand'-ing
use'-ful	him'-self	hun'-gry	spir'-it	dur'-ing
gen'-tle	a-gainst'	sto'-ry	bat'-tle	with-out'
will'-ing	fear'-ful	sol'-dier	af'-ter-wards	driv'-ing

WRITE:—

hurt	*takes*	*loves*	*prey*
horse	*fierce*	*killed*	*dropped*

THE DOG WITH THE LANTERN.

HERE is a dog with a lantern in his mouth. He is seeking for his master.

Carlo, for that was the name of the dog, had been taught to be useful. The roads, in the

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place where his master lived, were often so bad that, on dark nights, it was not safe for any person to go out without a light.

So Carlo's master taught him to carry a lantern for him at night; and he did it as steadily as any boy could have done.

Carlo never trotted too far before, but kept near at hand, so that the bright light of the lantern might guide his master's steps.

When he came to any part of the road where there was a deep rut or hole, he would turn round to his master, as much as to say, "Take care; there is a hole here."

The dog's master lived about a mile from the town; and when he could not get home before dark, Carlo used to be sent to him with the lantern.

"Come, Carlo, go for master!" was the order; and it never had to be given twice. Carlo knew where to go, quite as well as he knew the road which his master would take.

But Carlo did not always at once find his master. When he got to the town, he would run off to a house where he knew his master often was. Still holding his lantern, he would scratch at the street-door and bark; as much as to say, "Here am I, master—lantern as well; are you ready for home?"

Some one would perhaps come to the door and

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say, "Your master is not here, Carlo." Carlo would growl, as if he meant to say, "Then he is somewhere else, and I must find him."

He would then run off to one house after another, until he found his master; when the two set off together for home.

QUESTIONS.—What was the name of the dog in the picture? What had he been taught to do? Why was this of great use? What did he do when he came to a hole? What order was given to him after dark? How did he find his master?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

lan'-tern	use'-ful	stead'-i-ly	a-bout'	some'-where
seek'-ing	oft'-en	trot'-ted	al'-ways	an-oth'-er
mas'-ter	with-out'	be-fore'	put'-ting	un-til'
Car'-lo	car'-ry	or'-der	read'-y	to-geth'-er

WRITE:—

mouth	*turn*	*quite*	*growl*
taught	*bright*	*twice*	*scratch*

TRUTH.

THE child who learns to hate a lie,
And scorns to feign a false reply,
To cover faults or errors done,
Love and forgiveness both hath won.

For Truth both gentle is and brave,
But Falsehood is a coward knave,
Who vainly tries his faults to screen
By lying words most base and mean.

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USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

ANIMALS.

THE SHEEP.—What does the sheep give us? Wool.

What is all the wool of one sheep called? A fleece.

What do we make of wool? Flannel, blankets, carpets, coats, warm gloves and socks, and many other useful things.

What do we get from the sheep besides wool? We make its skin into leather; we use its flesh as food; and we make cheese of its milk.

What do we make of leather? Boots and shoes, straps and belts, saddles and harness, covers of books, and other things.

What is the skin of an animal called before it is made into leather? A hide.

Who makes the hide into leather? The tanner.

Who makes the leather soft, and colours it? The currier.

Who makes the leather into shoes? The shoemaker.

What is the flesh of the sheep called? Mutton.

And of the young sheep? Lamb.

What do sheep feed on? On grass.

What do you call a great number of sheep going together? A flock.

And the man who watches them? A shepherd.

THE COW.—What do we get from the cow? Milk and cream.

And what is made of milk? Butter and cheese; and we use it to make puddings and cakes.

What do you call a man who deals in milk? A milkman or dairyman.

And a woman? A milkmaid or dairymaid.

And the place where it is kept? A dairy.

What else do we get from the cow? Leather, horn, and meat.

What do we make of horn? Combs, spoons, knife-handles, buttons, and drinking cups.

What is a bugle-horn? A musical instrument, made of brass.

Why is it called a horn? Because the first musical instruments of that kind were the horns of animals.

What is the flesh of the cow or ox called? Beef.

What is a young cow? A calf.

What is calf's flesh called? Veal.

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What is a man who sells meat called? A butcher.

What is the ox used for in some countries? To draw carts and ploughs.

THE HORSE.—What do we chiefly use the horse for? To carry us, and to draw carts and carriages.

How is a horse fastened to a cart or carriage? By leather straps and iron chains.

What are all the straps and chains on a horse? Its harness.

What is the seat on a horse's back called? A saddle.

And the strap for guiding it? A bridle, or rein.

And the bar in its mouth, joined to the bridle? A bit.

What is a young horse called? A foal.

And a little horse? A pony.

What other use do we make of the horse? We make leather of its skin, and hair-cloth and mattresses of the long hairs of its tail.

Do we eat its flesh? No; but in some countries its flesh is eaten, and mare's milk is used for food.

OTHER ANIMALS.—What animals are used for food besides the sheep and the cow? Swine, fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, rabbits, and hares.

What is swine's flesh called? Pork, when it is fresh; and bacon and ham, when it is salted and dried.

What else do we get from swine? Leather, and the stiff hairs of which brushes are made, called bristles.

What is glue made of? Of parts of the hoofs and skins of animals.

What do fowls give us for food while they are alive? Eggs.

And what do we get from them after they are dead? Feathers, to make beds and pillows.

What is a silk dress made of? Threads spun by a little worm.

What is fur? The hairy skin of animals.

What are the leaves of pocket-books often made of? Of part of the skin of an ass.

What is a quill pen? A feather from the wing of a goose.

Where do we get whalebone? In the mouth of the whale.

What else do we get from the whale? Oil, for lamps.

What are candles made of? Tallow, or the fat of animals.

What else do we make from tallow and oil? Soap.

What are the finest candles made of? Of wax, made by the bees.

What else do we get from the bees? Honey.

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THE CAMEL.

In some parts of the world there are great tracts of country called *deserts*. In these deserts there are no houses, no pleasant streams, and no trees.

Nothing can be seen around but sand, and stones, and rocks, as far as the eye can reach.

In crossing these dreary deserts, the traveller must take with him every thing that he needs on the way.

He must carry enough of food and water to last himself and those who are with him for many days.

No horse could carry heavy loads across these great deserts; but God has given to man another animal fitted for the work.

This animal is the camel.

When sailors cross the sea in a ship, the ship must carry every thing they need. And as the camel has to do the same for its master in the desert, it has been called "the ship of the desert."

When the camel is being loaded it kneels, that its master may put the load on its back; and when the day's march is over, and the time for rest has come, it kneels again, to have its load taken off.

The camel can go without food for a long

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time; and, before it starts, it drinks enough of water to last it for several days.

It is no wonder that the Arab loves his camel, and sings songs in its praise. The horse carries his master, the cow gives him milk, and the sheep gives him wool for clothing. But to the Arab, the camel is all these in one.

It supplies the people of the desert with milk, and with almost all they need. After it is dead, its flesh is used for food, and its hair is made into cloth.

QUESTIONS.—What are the only things to be seen in deserts? Of what are there none? What must the traveller in the desert

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carry with him? What animal carries his burdens? Why has it been called "the ship of the desert"? What does it do when it is being loaded, and unloaded? What can it go without for a long time? How much water does it drink before it starts?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

coun'-try	drear'-y	heav'-y	sail'-ors	sev'-er-al
des'-erts	trav'-el-ler	giv'-en	load'-ed	won'-der
pleas'-ant	car'-ry	fit'-ted	tak'-en	Ar'-ab
cross'-ing	ev'-er-y	cam'-el	e-nough'	sup-plies'

WRITE:—

tracts	*rocks*	*loads*	*hair*
called	*streams*	*drinks*	*praise*

STORY OF A DOG.

Crouch'-ing, lying low; cowering. | Er'-rand, message.

SOME years ago, a little boy, not more than eight years old, was sent on an errand.* As he was going home, a lame dog, rough and dirty, came limping after him.

A bad boy would have thrown stones at the poor dog; but the little boy of whom I am telling you, had been taught to be gentle and kind.

He saw that the dog had been ill used, and that it wanted a friend. So he let it follow him home.

When the little boy asked his mother if she would let the dog come into the house, the poor dog seemed to know what was said.

It looked, oh, so sad! And the children

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almost cried when they saw its large bright eyes looking up to them for pity.

The mother, who had taught her children to be kind and gentle, did not turn the poor, hungry, lame dog away. She let it go into the wash-house; and the children gave it some food, and some water to drink, and some clean straw to lie on.

After a few days it was well again. It soon made itself clean, and began to show how pleased it was with its new home.

It did all that a dog could do to show how thankful it was for the kindness shown to it. Instead of crouching,* as if it were afraid of being beaten, it would frisk about, and jump up to lick the hands of its little friends.

QUESTIONS.—In what state was the little dog that came after the boy? What would a bad boy have done to it? What did this boy do? What did his mother do with the dog when he got home? And in a few days - - -? How did it show how thankful it was?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

go'-ing	tell'-ing	fol'-low	al'-most	hun'-gry	in-stead'
dirt'-y	gen'-tle	moth'-er	look'-ing	thank'-ful	a-fraid'
limp'-ing	want'-ed	chil'-dren	pit'-y	kind'-ness	beat'-en

WRITE:—

eight	*rough*	*frisk*	*clean*
friend	*taught*	*knew*	*shown*

The children gave the dog the name of Elf, and it was their friend as well as their pet.

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I shall tell you how it was their friend. It used to go with them to school, and drive away any bad boys who tried to tease or to hurt them.

Then, when they went into school, Elf walked back to the house, and stayed in the yard with the fowls. It watched that they did not stray, and that no one stole them. No bad boys dared to throw stones at them when Elf was near.

When it was time for the children to leave school, their mother would say, "Elf, it is time to bring the children home." It was long before Elf could be taught what she meant. But at last it came to know it; and no sooner

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were the words said, than off it ran to the school.

Yes, and more than that, Elf at last became so clever a dog, that on a wet day it would carry an umbrella in its mouth when it went for the children!

Look at the picture, and you will see Elf all ready to start for school.

Sometimes boys in the street tried to take the umbrella from it; but Elf was too quick for them. It would run past them at full speed, and it always got safely away.

Thus did this once poor lame dog in many ways repay the kindness of its little friends.

QUESTIONS.—What name did the children give the dog? How was it their friend? What did their mother say when school-time was over? What is it doing in the picture?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

chil'-dren	soon'-er	car'-ry	read'-y	a-way'	kind'-ness
moth'-er	be-came'	um-brel'-la	al'-ways	man'-y	lit'-tle
be-fore'	clev'-er	pic'-ture	safe'-ly	re-pay'	an'-y

WRITE:—

their	*walk*	*quick*	*dared*
tease	*meant*	*school*	*mouth*

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

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THE DONKEY.

Can't, cannot.	**Stock-still**, still as a fixed post.
He's, he is.	**There's**, there is.
I'll, I will.	**You're**, you are.
I'm, I am.	

Poor donkey! I'll give him a handful of grass;
I'm sure he's an honest, though stupid, old ass.
He trots to the market to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way home on his back;
And only just stops by the ditch for a minute,
To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now and then, he has got a bad trick
Of standing stock-still, and just trying to kick;
But then, poor old fellow! you know he can't tell
That standing stock-still is not using me well;
For it never comes into his head, I dare say,
To do his work first, and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I'll give you some grass,
For *you* know no better, because you're an ass;
But what little donkeys some children must look,
Who stand, very like you, stock-still at their book,
And waste every moment of time as it passes—
A great deal more stupid and silly than asses!

JANE TAYLOR.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables:*—

don'-key	mar'-ket	try'-ing	af-ter-wards	ev'-er-y
hand'-ful	car'-ry	fel'-low	bet'-ter	mo'-ment
hon'-est	min'-ute	us'-ing	be-cause'	pass'-es
stu'-pid	stand'-ing	nev'-er	chil'-dren	sil'-ly

WRITE:—

ditch	*play*	*true*	*deal*
grass	*fresh*	*comes*	*waste*

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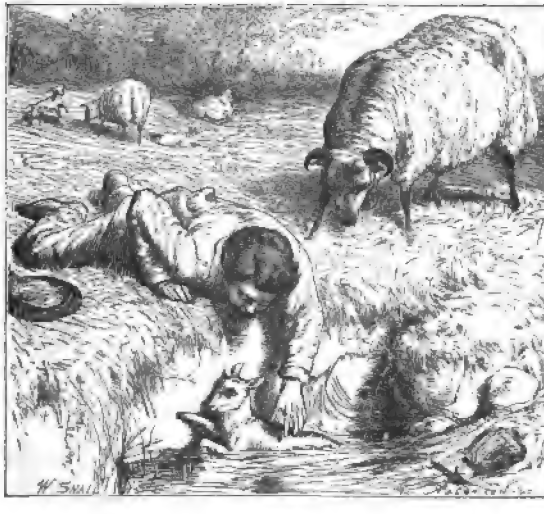
STORY OF THE SHEEP AND THE LAMB.

A LAD was one day walking in a field, when he saw a sheep coming towards him.

The poor thing came running up quite close to him. She then went on a few steps, at the same time turning round, and looking up in the lad's face, and bleating loudly.



The lad had never seen a sheep act in this way before; and wishing to find out what the creature wanted, he began to follow her across the field.

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On and on she went, every now and then turning round to see if the lad was coming.

At last she led the way to a place where there was a running stream, and a deep pool of water.

As soon as he came to this spot, the lad saw a little lamb struggling in the water. It had fallen over the bank into the pool below, and was trying in vain to get out.

The poor mother sheep must have known that better help than she could give was needed, to save her little one.

The lad, by leaning over the bank, found that he could just reach the little creature.

He soon caught hold of it, and lifted it up on the bank. The mother sheep seemed greatly pleased to have her little one again beside her.

QUESTIONS.—What is the lad in the picture doing? How did he know that something was wrong? What would have happened if he had not come? How had the lamb got into the pool? What did the mother sheep seem, when her lamb was again beside her?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

walk'-ing	bleat'-ing	be-gan'	fall'-en	lean'-ing
com'-ing	loud'-ly	fol'-low	be-low'	lift'-ed
to'-wards	won'-der-ing	a-cross'	try'-ing	great'-ly
turn'-ing	crea'-ture	strug'-gling	need'-ed	be-side'

WRITE:—

quite	*went*	*stream*	*seemed*
steps	*round*	*reached*	*pleased*

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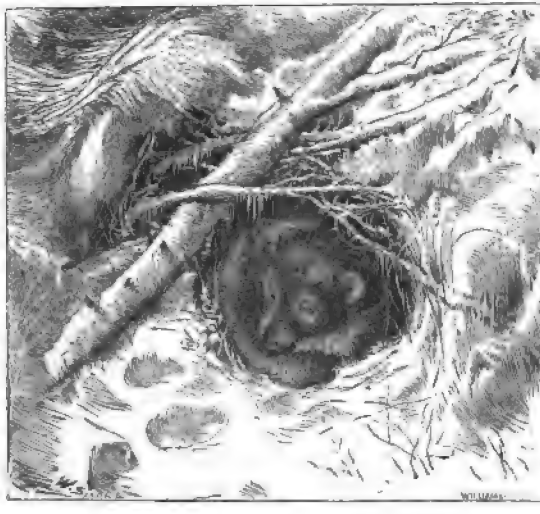

THE BROWN BEAR.

THE Brown Bear lives in the woods. He is a good climber, and likes to make his home in a hollow tree.

He is very fond of wild fruits, of which he finds plenty in the forest.

He is also fond of honey, and robs the hives of the wild bees. The wild bees make their hives in hollow trees, and the brown bear finds them out by the smell of the honey.

When he finds a hive, he climbs the tree, and for hours and hours he gnaws the bark and

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the wood, till he makes a hole large enough to let his paw in.

Then, in spite of the stings of the bees, he thrusts in his paw, and scoops out lumps of the comb with the honey in it. Nor does he stop till he has robbed the poor bees of all their store.

When winter comes, the bear creeps into a hole or cave under the thick trees. There he makes for himself a bed of leaves and twigs; and when the snow comes it covers him, and he lies snugly hid beneath it. He closes his eyes, and sleeps during the rest of the winter.

In spring he wakens up again, and begins once more to roam about the woods.

Men go to the forest to hunt the bear. They wish to get his skin to make coats, and blankets, and muffs. They also eat his flesh, and make oil from his fat.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the brown bear live? Where does he like to make his home? He is a good - ? He is very fond of - - ? and also of - ? Where does he get the honey? How does he find out the hives? How does he get at the honey? What does he do in winter? When does he waken up again? Why do men hunt the bear? What do they make of his fat?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

climb'-er	for'-est	him-self'	cov'-ers	clos'-es
hel'-low	hon'-ey	win'-ter	snug'-ly	wāk'-ens
plen'-ty	e-nough'	un'-der	be-neath'	be-gins'

WRITE:—

spite	*stings*	*thick*	*robbed*
gnaw	*thrusts*	*scoops*	*creeps*

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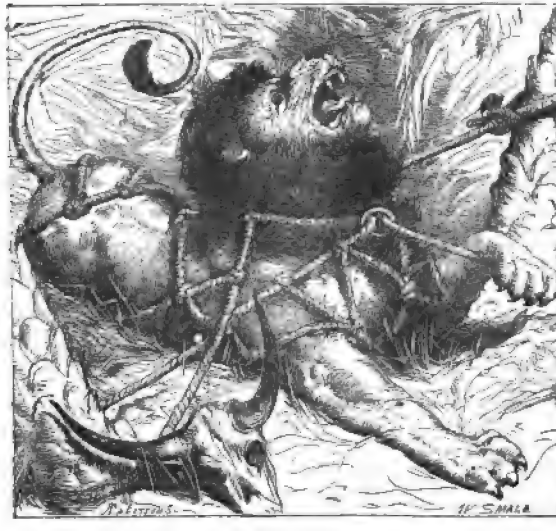

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A-muse′, play.
De-spise′, look down on; scorn.
Gnawed, bit through by little and little.
Grate′-ful, thankful.
Hum′-blest, weakest; meanest.
Plead, beg very hard.
Prowl′-ing, roaming; searching for prey.
Re-pay′, pay back.

ONE day, as a lion was lying asleep in a forest, some mice began to amuse* themselves by running over him. At last they awoke him; and, starting up, he laid his paw upon one little thing that could not get away with the rest.

The lion was just going to kill the little

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thing, when it began to plead* for its life. It pleaded so hard, that at last the lion let it go; and the grateful* mouse said, "Noble lion! I trust I may one day be able to repay* your kindness to me."

The lion smiled at the idea of such a little animal ever being of use to him; and the mouse ran off to its hole.

Some time after this, the lion was caught in a strong net made of ropes, that had been spread for him in the forest by some hunters. He struggled in vain to get free, and* roared with pain and terror.

The little mouse heard him, and ran to his help. It set to work with its sharp teeth; and at last, after a great deal of labour, it gnawed* through the rope, and set the lion free!

A lion, prowling* through the woods,
In eager search for prey,
By chance was caught within a net,
And could not get away.

He tried in vain to free himself
From this unwelcome house,
When, lo! from out its hole there crept
A tiny little mouse.

It nibbled, with its teeth so small,
The cords that formed the net,
Till, one by one, the strings gave way,
And free the lion set!

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This shows that we should not despise*
The humblest* thing that lives;—
The strongest at some time may need
The help the poor man gives.

QUESTIONS.—What were the mice doing when the lion was asleep? What did the lion do when he awoke? What did the mouse do, when the lion was going to kill it? What did it say when it got off? Why did the lion smile? When did the mouse repay his kindness? What does this story show?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

ly'-ing	a-woke'	i-de'-a	ter'-ror	li'-on
a-sleep'	start'-ing	hunt'-ers	la'-bour	nib'-bled
run'-ning	no'-ble	strug'-gled	ea'-ger	stroñ'-gest

THE PET LAMB.

A-larm', great fear.
Bar'-gained, agreed upon the price.
Ceased, stopped.
Earn, work for; gain by labour
Plead'-ing, begging very hard

ONE little thing after another had been sold, to buy food and clothing for the family. At last nothing was left that could be sold but the pet lamb. But the mother's heart felt sad at the thought of parting with Daisy; for the children loved it very much.

At last she had to make up her mind to sell the lamb. She could not ask one of the children to go for the butcher. So she went herself, with a heavy heart, and bargained* for the sale of Daisy.

While the children were all playing with the lamb, the butcher and his boy came to the door.

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"Good morning, Mrs. Grant!" he said, in a loud voice. "You see I am here for the lamb."

"For what, mother?" asked one of the children, running to her side, and looking up into her face in alarm.

"Go away, dear," said Mrs. Grant, gently pushing the child aside.

"That's my lamb now, Charlie!" said the butcher's boy, in a playful tone, going up to Daisy with a rope in his hand.

"No, it is not your lamb. It is our lamb!" said the little boy, placing himself in front of it.

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But the lad, pushing him aside, threw a rope round Daisy's neck, and began to drag the little creature away. The poor lamb bleated very sadly.

The cry of grief which fell upon the mother's ears was too much for her, and her heart sank within her. In a moment after, the children were all around her, pleading* with tearful eyes, and voices choked with sobs, for their little pet.

"Pray tell your boy to stop a moment," she said in husky tones to the butcher.

The boy, at a word from his master, stopped dragging the lamb, and the little creature ceased* its bleating.

"My dear children," began the mother, in a voice that shook, "I am very poor now, and cannot earn* money as your father did when he was alive. The kind butcher has given me money for Daisy; and with this money I will buy you bread to eat."

"No!—no!—no!" the children cried; "we don't want you to sell Daisy! We won't have our dear little lamb sold! It is our lamb, and you must not sell it, mother. We will rather go without bread than have the lamb sold!"

It was in vain that Mrs. Grant tried to make her children see that she could not help selling the lamb. The more she talked, the stronger did they plead for Daisy.

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At last she handed back the silver, saying, "I cannot sell it just now, sir. Wait until another time. I must try to keep up a little longer."

The butcher, who had been watching all that went on, was touched in his heart; and when Mrs. Grant offered to return the money, he said, "I'll take neither the lamb nor the money, Mrs. Grant.

"Though I am a butcher, I have no harder heart than other men. I'll not rob the children of their pet. I'll buy Daisy from you, and give it back to the children.

"Come, Joe, you must not take that lamb. It shall never be killed by me."

And as he spoke, his voice shook, and he dashed his hand quickly across his eyes.

Daisy was at once set free; and as the children gathered round and stroked the pet, their little hearts were filled with joy.

By the kind help of some friends, the poor mother never again found herself so hard pressed as when she tried to sell the children's pet lamb.

QUESTIONS.—Why was the mother forced to sell the lamb? Why was she sorry to do so? Who went to bargain for the sale? What were the children doing when the butcher and his boy came? What did the butcher's boy say as he went up to Daisy? What did Charlie say? When was it that the mother's heart sank within her? What did she tell the children she would do with the money? What did they say? What did

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Mrs. Grant at last do? What did the butcher say? What did he do with the lamb?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

cloth'-ing	heav'-y	gen'-tly	stron'-ger	men'-ey
part'-ing	play'-ing	push'-ing	sil'-ver	hard'-er
Dai'-sy	morn'-ing	a-side'	un-til'	quick'-ly
butch'-er	look'-ing	Char'-lie	of'-fered	gath'-ered

WRITE:—

loved	*front*	*earn*	*killed*
child	*grief*	*cried*	*round*

PERSEVERE.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be down-cast;
Try, and try again, boys,—
You'll succeed at last.

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THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

De-spair', lose heart. | Re-ward'-ed, repaid.

A CROW that was very thirsty flew to a pitcher, hoping to find some water in it. Water there was, but so little of it, that with all her efforts the poor crow could not so much as wet the tip of her bill.

"Never despair,"' said the crow to herself; "where there's a will there's a way!"

A clever thought came into her little black head. She could not get down to the water; but she might make the water rise up to her.

The crow picked up a pebble, and dropped

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it into the pitcher; another, and then another. As they sank, the water began to rise.

Before the crow had dropped in many pebbles, her labour was rewarded,* and she drank at her ease of the water, which, but for her clever thought, she would never have been able to reach.

QUESTIONS.—Where did the crow go in search of water? Was there water in the pitcher? Why could she not get it? What did the crow say to herself? What thought came into her head? How did she make the water rise? And so her labour was -?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

thirst'-y	hŏp'-ing	wa'-ter	clev'-er	bot'-tom
pitch'-er	ef'-forts	her-self'	peb'-ble	lit'-tle

WRITE:—

flew	*down*	*drank*	*ease*
thought	*picked*	*dropped*	*reach*

THE SOLDIER AND THE HORSE.

A POOR soldier was one day passing along a street in London. All at once he was seen to stop, and look for some time at a horse on the other side of the street.

"I know him! I know him!" cried he, as he ran across the street. "He is my own old horse. Dear old fellow!"

The horse seemed to know the voice. He laid back his ears, and pushed his nose against the hand that stroked him so kindly.

After a few moments, the poor soldier put his

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hand in his pocket; and as he did so he said, "Yes, he shall have it, though it were my last penny! I have enough to buy him a feed of corn."

Away he went to bring it; and in a few minutes he came back with the corn, and stood kindly feeding the horse with his own hand.

After staying beside him for some time, he asked where his stable was, that he might go and see him some other day.

He then went his way, saying to the driver as he left, "Be good to him, poor fellow! and use him well."

It was a beautiful sight; and it was no wonder that some little boys who stood near, cried out, Hurrah! when they saw the poor soldier's kindness to his old friend.

It was a lesson on kindness to animals which they were not likely soon to forget.

QUESTIONS.—What did the poor soldier stop to look at? What did he cry as he crossed the street? How did the horse show that it knew him? What did he buy for it? Why did he ask where its stable was? What did he say to the driver? Who cried hurrah?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

sol'-dier	a-gainst'	e-nough'	be-side'	won'-der
pass'-ing	kind'-ly	a-way'	sta'-ble	hur-rah'
Lon'-don	mo'-ments	min'-utes	say'-ing	kind'-ness
a-cross'	pock'-et	feed'-ing	driv'-er	les'-son
fel'-low	pen'-ny	stay'-ing	beau'-ti-ful	an'-i-mals

WRITE:—

street	*voice*	*laid*	*cried*
crossed	*seemed*	*stroked*	*asked*

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LESSONS.

Re-ward′, value repayed; prize. | Suc-ceed′, get on; win.

Now's the time to study hard;
Work will bring its own reward:*
Then work, work, work!
We must spell and we must read,
Nothing but our lessons heed,—
Sure and steady must succeed:*
Then work, work, work!

Who would like an empty purse?
Empty brain would be still worse:
Then work, work, work!
With a will the task begin;
Now's the time the prize to win;
Pour the golden knowledge in,
And work, work, work!

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

stud′-y	noth′-ing	stead′-y	brave′-ly	gold′-en
val′-ue	les′-sons	emp′-ty	be-gin′	knowl′-edge

WRITE:—

head	*brain*	*task*	*pour*
must	*purse*	*worse*	*prize*

THE WHITE BEAR.

IN the cold cold North there is always snow on the ground. Even in summer it is very cold, as great blocks of ice float about in the sea.

Here is the home of the Polar Bear. He does not mind the cold; for God has given him a coat of thick fur to keep him warm. He

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enjoys the sharp air as much as you do the warm sunshine.

He never slips on the ice, as you do; for the soles of his feet are covered with long hair. He walks as softly as if he had a pair of fur boots on.

The bear lives near the sea; for he likes to swim in the water. And there, too, he generally finds plenty to eat.

He is very fond of catching a seal for his dinner. He roams over the ice till he comes to a place where he sees that the ice is melted.

He knows that this is a likely place for a seal to pop up its head. So he sits down and watches.

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By-and-by, up comes the round head of the seal. The bear pounces upon it. He drags the seal out of the water, tears it to pieces, and eats it.

Sometimes he dives into the water after a fish, and is so quick, that he catches it before it can escape. Sometimes he comes upon a bit of dead whale, and thinks it a great treat.

When he cannot find food on the coast, he goes to some spot where the snow has melted, and feeds on berries. If he is very hungry indeed, he is glad to eat even the sea-weed on the shore.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the Polar Bear live? Why does he not mind the cold? Why does he not slip on the ice? Why does he live near the sea? What food is he very fond of? What does he think a great treat? When he cannot find food on the coast where does he go? What does he get there?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

al'-ways	sun'-shine	plen'-ty	watch'-es	can'-not
sum'-mer	nev'-er	catch'-ing	pounc'-es	ber'-ries
a-bout'	cov'-ered	din'-ner	piec'-es	hun'-gry
Po'-lar	soft'-ly	melt'-ed	some'-times	in-deed'
en-joys'	wa'-ter	like'-ly	e-scape'	sea'-weed

WRITE:—

bear | *seal* | *treat* | *dives*
float | *sharp* | *whale* | *thinks*

NEVER PUT OFF.

WHENE'ER a task is set to you,
Don't idly sit and view it;
Nor be content to *wish* it done;—
Begin *at once* and *do it.*

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THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

Cun'-ning, slyness. | Self'-ish, caring only for one-
Lis'-ten, give heed. | self.

EVERY one had heard of the fox's cunning;* and every one but the goat believed in it.

One very hot summer, when all the springs and brooks were dry, a fox looked about all day in vain for water to drink. He even crept slyly into a farm-yard; but the dog saw him, and he had to leave in a great hurry.

At last he thought of an old well in the middle of a field near the farm; and to it he set off with all speed. When he came to it, he found that the water was quite out of his reach.

He tried again and again to reach it, and at last tumbled in, heels over head!

He got a great fright, but he was not much hurt; and as the water was not very deep, he was glad enough to drink.

When his thirst was gone, he wished to get out; but the sides of the well were steep, and even when standing on his hind legs, he could not reach half way to the top. There he was, a close prisoner!

The next morning, a goat came down to the well; and seeing the fox there, she said, "Is the water good?"

"Oh!" said the fox, "come down, my friend; it is so good, that I cannot stop drinking it!"

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Down jumped long-beard at once; but no sooner was she down than the fox leaped on her back, and in an instant was on the green

grass! As he sprang to the top of the well, he turned round and said, "Thank you, madam; I bid you good morning!"

The silly goat soon saw how foolish she had been, to listen* to the cunning fox.—Never trust those who are known to be sly and selfish.*

Questions.—Who would not believe in the fox's cunning? What made her change her mind? How did the fox get into the well? What did he find, when he had done drinking? How did he tempt the goat to jump down? As soon as she was down, what did he do? What did the goat then see? Never trust those who are known to be - - -?

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PRONOUNCE *in syllables:*—

be-lieved′	hur′-ry	e-nough′	see′-ing	mad′-am
sum′-mer	mid′-dle	stand′-ing	soon′-er	sil′-ly
sly′-ly	tum′-bled	pris′-on-er	in′-stant	fool′-ish

WRITE:—

goat	*quite*	*reach*	*friend*
heard	*brooks*	*thirst*	*sprang*

PLAY.

Frol′-ic, wild sport. | **In′-dus-try**, hard work.

Now's the time for merry play,—
No more lessons for to-day!
Then play, play, play!
Duty has been bravely done,
Knowledge has been wisely won,
Now for frolic* and for fun!
Then play, play, play!

Join we in a cheerful ring,
Lightly laugh and gaily sing!
Then play, play, play!
Industry* can frolic earn;
Ready was the head to learn,
Now the feet must have their turn!
Then play, play, play!

PRONOUNCE *in syllables:*—

mer′-ry	brave′-ly	wise-ly	light′-ly
du′-ty	knowl′-edge	cheer′-ful	gai′-ly

WRITE:—

play	*join*	*earn*	*feet*
done	*ring*	*laugh*	*must*

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USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A HOUSE.

THE OUTSIDE.—What part of a house is built first? The foundation.

Where is it built? Under the ground.

Why is it built under ground? To make the house stand firmly, and to keep rain and damp from getting under the walls.

What is built on the foundation? The walls.

Of what are they built? Of brick or stone, and mortar.

Of what are they built when bricks or stones cannot be had? Of wood; sometimes of iron.

What is a place where stones are got? A quarry.

Of what are bricks made? Of clay and ashes, burned in the fire.

What is a man who builds with bricks? A bricklayer.

And one who builds with stone? A mason.

What has the mason to do, which the bricklayer has not? To hew and shape the stones.

Why does the bricklayer not need to do that? Because the bricks are made in moulds, and are all of the same size and shape.

What is mortar made of? Of lime and sand, mixed with water.

What is lime? It is a stone got in the earth, and burned in a kiln.

Why do the builders leave square openings in the walls? For the doors and windows.

What are the doors made of? Of wood.

Why can a child open a door which ten children could not carry? Because it moves so easily on its hinges.

What are the hinges made of? Of iron; sometimes of brass.

How is the door kept shut? By a latch or lock.

Of what are the windows made? Of wooden frames filled with glass.

Why are they made with glass? To let in the light, and keep out the wind and the rain.

What is glass made of? Of sand or flint and soda, which are melted together.

What do you call each square of glass in a window? A pane.

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Why should the windows always be made to open? To let in fresh air during the day.

When the walls are built, how is the top of the house closed in? By the roof.

Of what is the roof made? Of wood, covered with slates or tiles.

What do you call the wooden beams in the roof? Rafters.

What are slates? A dark-coloured stone, easily split into thin plates.

What are tiles? Broad thin bricks, made of clay.

With what are cottages often covered? With straw, then called thatch.

What part of the wall rises higher than the roof? The chimneys.

Why is this? That the smoke may be carried away from the house.

What are generally put on the top of the chimneys? Chimney cans, made of clay.

THE INSIDE.—How is the inside of a house divided? Into rooms, and stairs, and passages.

Why are there different rooms in a house? Because it is not good for us to eat our food in the same room in which it is cooked; or to sleep at night in the same room in which we live by day.

What is the room for cooking in called? The kitchen.

And rooms for sleeping in? Bed-rooms.

And rooms for dining in? Dining-rooms.

What are small sitting-rooms often called? Parlours.

What is the finest room in a house called? The drawing-room.

Why is it so called? Because it is the room for with-*drawing* to after meals.

What are under-ground rooms called? Cellars.

For what are they used? To keep wine, and beer, and stores, and coal in.

Why are they not good to live or work in? Because they are generally damp and dark.

What are rooms in the roof of the house called? Attics or garrets.

What do all the rooms on one level make? A story.

How do you get from one room to another on the same story? By a passage.

What is the broad part of the passage at the entrance to a house? The lobby or hall.

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How do you get from one story to another? By the stairs.

What are the stairs? A number of steps, made of wood or stone.

Why is it safer to have stone steps? In case of fire, wooden stairs are often burned before people in the upper stories can get out.

What are the floors made of? Generally of wood, cut into planks, and fitted closely together.

Of what is the kitchen floor often made? Of stone or brick.

What is the inside roof of a room called? The ceiling.

What are the floors covered with? With carpets, made of wool.

With what are the inside walls and the ceiling covered? With plaster, a mixture of lime, sand, and hair.

On what is the plaster generally laid? On thin strips of wood fastened to the wall, called laths.

How are the plaster walls covered? Sometimes by painting them; sometimes with paper-hangings.

How can we prevent too much light from coming into the room? By drawing down the blind.

How can we make the room quite dark during the day? By closing the shutters.

Of what use are shutters at night? They keep out wind, noise, and robbers.

How do we light our rooms at night? By candles, oil-lamps, or gas.

Which of these can you not see till it is lighted? Gas.

Why? Because it is a vapour or air-like body.

From what is it made? It is the vapour which rises from some kinds of coal when heated in an iron box.

How is it brought to the house? It is brought from the gas-work in iron pipes laid under the road or street.

How is it carried through the house? In lead pipes.

What else is carried through the house in lead pipes? Water.

What is the large box in which the water is kept? A cistern.

Are all houses supplied with water. No; many people have to carry it from a well or pump.

Why should every house be supplied with water? Because it is needed for health, as much as air or food, and because no drain can work without it.

What are stoves or grates made of? Of iron.

How do we prevent the fire from burning the floor? The part of the floor nearest the fire is made of stone—it is called the hearth-stone.

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THE TRAVELLER AND THE LION.

Bound'ed, sprang. | Jour'ney, travel; march.

A TRAVELLER in South Africa once set out on a long journey.* When crossing a wide plain, far from home, he saw a lion at a distance. The lion saw him at the same time, and began slowly to follow him.

When the traveller walked fast, the lion walked fast! When he stopped, the lion stopped! The man saw that the lion meant to follow him until dark, and then spring upon him.

He was not able to run away from the lion, for the lion could run faster than he. So he thought of a plan to cheat him.

He came to a high cliff, below which was a deep hollow. Crouching down, he hid behind a rock, where the lion could not see him. Then taking a branch which he found among the rocks, he put on it his coat and his hat, so as to make them look like a man.

He then held the branch above the rock behind which he was hid.

Soon the lion came creeping slyly along. The moment he saw the coat and the hat, he made a sudden spring at them. He bounded* right over the place where the man lay, and, falling down among the rocks, was killed!

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The traveller was saved, and ere long he reached his own home.

QUESTIONS.—What did the traveller see at a distance? What did the lion do? What did the man think the lion meant to do? What plan did the man think of? What place did he choose for doing it? What did he put upon a branch? What did the lion think they were? What did the lion do when he saw them? What happened to the lion? And the man - - ?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

trav'-el-ler	be-gan'	a-way'	crouch'-ing	sly'-ly
Af'-ri-ca	slow'-ly	fast'-er	be-hind'	mo'-ment
li'-on	fol'-low	be-low'	tăk'-ing	sud'-den
dis'-tance	un-til'	hol'-low	a-mong'	fall'-ing

WRITE:—

south	*cliff*	*rocks*	*killed*
plain	*walked*	*branch*	*reached*

THE BEAR IN SCHOOL.

A-larmed', called the men together; roused.
Cub, young one; whelp.
Pro-tect', guard; keep harm off.
Quar'-ters, place to live in.
Ram'-bling, wandering; roaming.
Re-turn', come back.
Ter'-ror, great fear.

A BOY rambling* in the woods many years ago, in a part of America where bears used to live, one day found the cub* of a Black Bear. It was very young, and looked like a little dog covered all over with thick brown hair.

The boy carried it home. It was fed and brought up about the house, and soon became as tame as a dog.

Every day the boy had to go to school some way off. It was not long before the bear went

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with him, and it used to roam about the fields till school was over.

At first the other boys were afraid of Henry's bear, but before long they became great friends.

Many of them used to bring their dinners to school in small bags or baskets. These were hung on pegs on the wall, and at the play-hour they were taken down, and the bear was sure then to get a good share of the bread and butter, and apples and pears.

Things went on in this way for a long time; but one day the animal was nowhere to be seen. It had found its way to the woods, and did not return.* Search was made for it, but without success.

QUESTIONS.—What did the boy find in the woods? What did he do with it? What did it soon become? Where used it to go with him? What did the boys give it? Where had it gone when it was missed?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

man'-y	cov'-ered	a-fraid'	bas'-kets	ap'-ples
A-mer'-i-ca	car'-ried	Hen'-ry	tak'-en	with-out'
lit'-tle	be-came'	din'-ners	but'-ter	suc-cess'

WRITE:—

years	*thick*	*roam*	*found*
looked	*brown*	*share*	*search*

Many years passed away, in which time great changes took place in the school. The old master died, and a new one took his place.

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A new set of boys filled the seats in the old school-house.

One very cold wintry day, while the master was out, a boy chanced to leave the door half open, and on a sudden a large black bear walked into the school!

The boys were in terror.* Some ran to the door, others made for the tables. One big fellow jumped out of the window. Two or three little girls hid themselves under the desks. But one brave boy seized a piece of wood, and told the girls not to be afraid, for he would protect* them!

But the bear did not harm any one. It walked up quietly to the fire, and warmed itself. It seemed to be very much at home, and to feel very glad to get into such warm, snug quarters.*

It sat by the fire for a short time, and then walked up to the wall where the dinner baskets of the scholars were hanging.

Standing on its hind feet, it put its paw into the baskets, and helped itself to the bread and fruit, and other good things in them! It then quietly walked out of the school by the way it had walked in.

In the meantime, the boy who had jumped out of the window had alarmed* the village.

A number of young men started with their guns, to shoot the bear. As its track was

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very plain in the snow, they soon came up with it, and killed it.

Then it was that they found, by certain marks upon its skin, that the poor bear was no enemy, but the old friend of their own school-days! Great was the sorrow felt for its death.

QUESTIONS.—What changes took place in the school in the course of time? What happened one cold day in winter? What did the boys and the girls do? Where did the bear go? What did it do when it had warmed itself? What had the boy who jumped out of the window done? How did the men follow it? What did they do to it? What did they then find?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

chăn'-ges	them-selves'	hang'-ing	vil'-lage	cer'-tain
sud'-den	qui'-et-ly	stand'-ing	num'-ber	en'-e-my
win'-dow	schol'-ars	it-self'	start'-ed	sor'-row

WRITE:—

place	*seats*	*seized*	*fruit*
passed	*chanced*	*walked*	*jumped*

THE FAIRY RING.

Glide, pass swiftly and smoothly. **Glow**, become red.

Sphere, a circle; a ring. **Tress'-es**, knots of hair; ringlets.

LET us laugh and let us sing,
Dancing in a merry ring;
We'll be fairies on the green,
Sporting round the Fairy Queen.

Like the seasons of the year,
Round we circle in a sphere;*
I'll be Summer, you'll be Spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

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Harry will be Winter wild;
Little Charlie, Autumn mild;
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Spring and Summer glide* away;
Autumn comes with tresses* gray;
Winter, hand in hand with Spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Faster! faster! round we go,
While our cheeks like roses glow;*
Free as birds upon the wing,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

dan'-cing	sport'-ing	cir'-cle	Win'-ter	Au'-tumn
fair'-ies	sea'-sons	Har'-ry	Char'-lie	tress'-es

WRITE:—

queen	*wild*	*ring*	*round*
laugh	*sphere*	*gray*	*cheeks*

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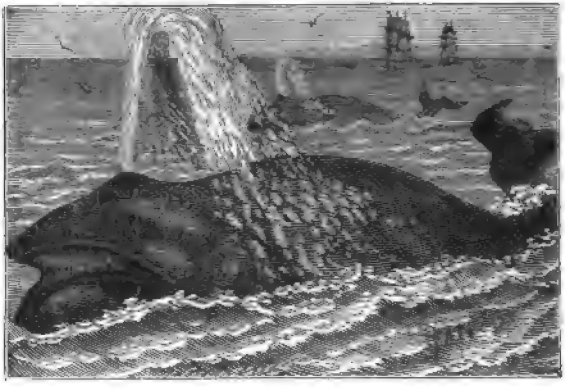

THE WHALE.

Bound'-ing, moving forward quickly; springing.
Dan'-ger-ous unsafe.
Glee, joy.
Har-poon', a spear used to kill the whale.
Mon'-arch, king.
Sur'-face, the top of the water.

THE whale is the largest animal in the world. It is so large, that perhaps you have never seen a room big enough to hold one.

It is commonly called a fish; but learned men say that it is not a fish, for it breathes air as we do.

As it does not live on land, it does not need legs to walk with. It swims in the sea by the help of its tail and fins.

Though it has a very large mouth, it has no teeth; so it lives on the small creatures that it finds swimming in the sea, and it swallows them whole. Only think what a

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number of shrimps a whale must need to eat for dinner!

Men go in ships to those parts of the world where whales are found, and kill them with iron spears, called harpoons.* But it is very dangerous* work; for a whale often upsets a boat with a blow of its tail.

When the whale is dead, the sailors put its fat, called blubber, into casks, and bring it home, to be made into oil.

Whalebone, which comes from its jaws, is used in making umbrellas, and many other things; and part of one kind of whale, called the Sperm Whale, is used for making candles.

Plunging away through the deep deep sea,
The huge whale sports in his kingly glee.*
Down to the bottom sometimes he will go,
Then up to the surface* again, to blow.
There is danger and dread in catching the whale,
For he'll toss o'er a boat with a blow of his tail;
And then with a plunge away goes he,
Bounding* along through the deep deep sea.
The whale! the whale! the mighty and free,
Is the monarch* and pride of the deep deep sea!

QUESTIONS.—Which is the largest animal in the world? Why is it not a fish? Why must it live on very small fishes? What are the spears called with which the whale is hunted? Why is whale-hunting dangerous? What do the ships bring home from the whale-hunt? Where does whalebone come from? What is it used for?

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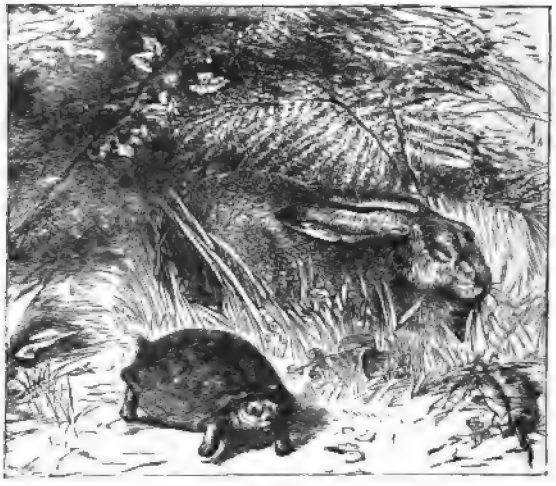

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Goal, the winning-post.
Pace, rate of walking.
Ri'val, the one she was striving with.

A HARE, very proud of her speed, once ran a race with a tortoise. In a moment the hare got far before her rival,* who, with his heavy shell on his back, could move only at a very slow pace.*

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hare as she stopped half-way to glance back at the tortoise creeping on far behind; "if you don't ply your short legs a little faster, my friend, I'll be half over the country before you reach the end of the field."

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The tortoise said not a word, but toiled on.

"Really," said the saucy hare, "if I were to hop on three legs I should get on much faster than you do! I think that I'll take a short nap. If you were but a yard from the goal," I could overtake you with a few bounds."

So the hare lay down on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep. She heard not the little feet of the tortoise, as he came creeping up to the place; she saw him not as he went steadily on, never stopping to look behind.

Presently the hare awoke, and sprang up, ready to dart on like the wind. "Where is the tortoise?" cried she.

"Here," cried a voice from the end of the field; "slow and steady has won the race!"

QUESTIONS.—With whom did the hare once run a race? Who got far ahead in a moment? What did she say as she glanced back? What did the tortoise say? What did the hare then do to fill up the time? What did the tortoise do in the meantime? What did the hare cry out when she awoke? What was the answer?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

tor'-toise	be-hind'	re'-al-ly	a-sleep'	stop'-ping
mo'-ment	fast'-er	sau'-cy	creep'-ing	pres'-ent-ly
heav'-y	coun'-try	o-ver-take'	stead'-i-ly	a-woke'

WRITE:—

proud	*glance*	*friend*	*went*
speed	*laughed*	*bounds*	*down*

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SPEEDY AND STEADY.

Fin'-ished, ended; done. | Pert, forward.

"WELL, Amy, how are you getting on with your napkin?" cried Lizzy, whose swift fingers seemed to fly over her work.

"Not very fast," replied quiet little Amy, without raising her eyes; "I have almost 'nished* one side."

"One side!" said Lizzy, with a laugh which was neither pleasant nor kind; "why, we both began hemming our napkins at the same time, and I'm now at the *fourth* side of mine!"

"I know that I am slow," sighed Amy.

"You may well say that!" cried Lizzy.

"But I'll try to be steady, and to do my best," said the little girl, as she threaded her tiny needle, and went on with her work.

"As I sew so fast," cried Lizzy, "I am sure to have finished my napkin long before the bell rings for dinner. I'll just run for a minute to the garden, to see if the roses are out;"—so, tossing down her work on a chair, Lizzy flew off.

Amy longed for the fresh air and the flowers, but her work must first be done. Steadily she laid down her broad hem, and had finished the second side of her napkin before her sister came back.

"Ah, you plodding little thing!" cried Lizzy;

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"you will never get up to me. I'll have time to go to my room and put my new picture on the wall."

Off went gay little Lizzy: Amy went on with her work. Before her sister again entered the room, the third side of her napkin was hemmed.

"Had you not better finish your sewing?" said Amy. "It must be near dinner-time now."

"Oh! I can finish it in two minutes; only I want to look at that story, which Tom told us was so amusing."

"But if you are late?"

"No fear of that!" cried Lizzy; "no one is so likely to be late as a slow little creature like you!"

Poor Amy made no reply; stitch after stitch, stitch after stitch, quietly she worked on. Lizzy was soon so deep in her story that she forgot all about her work, till startled by the sound of the bell.

"Can it be dinner-time!" she cried. "Oh dear, and my napkin is not hemmed! And yours—"

"It is just finished," said Amy, as she quietly folded it up.

"'Tis just like 'The Hare and the Tortoise,'" thought Lizzy, who, though pert* and vain, had enough of sense to take a lesson.

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Quickness may have the start, but the quiet, steady worker does most in the end.

QUESTIONS.—What work were the two sisters doing? Which was furthest on? What did she think she might do? What had Amy finished before her sister came back? What did Lizzy then think she had time to do? When she came back, how far had Amy got on? Did Lizzy then take up her work? What then? What startled her while she was reading? How far on was Amy? In what state was Lizzy's work? What did she say it was like? Not the speedy but the - ? worker does most work.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

get'-ting	qui'-et	pleas'-ant	min'-ute	pic'-ture
nap'-kin	Am'-y	hem'-ming	gar'-den	en'-tered
Liz'-zy	rais'-ing	stead'-y	toss'-ing	near'-ly
fif'-gers	al'-most	thread'-ed	sis'-ter	a-mus'-ing
re-plied'	nei'-ther	nee'-dle	plod'-ding	for-got'

WRITE :—

eyes	*point*	*sound*	*first*
longed	*stitch*	*hemmed*	*sense*

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

Al'-ma-nac, a list of the days and months.
Brood, the young birds.
In'-no-cent, harmless.
Ob'-er-on, the king of the fairies.
Re-gard'-eth, cares for; watches over.
Se-cure', safe.
Tim'-id, full of fear.
Wild, the forest.

Do you know the little wood-mouse,
That pretty little thing
That sits among the forest leaves,
Beside the forest spring?

Its fur is as red as the chestnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent
Within the forest dim.

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'Tis a timid,* gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright

It makes its nest of soft dry moss,
In a hole so deep and strong;
And there it sleeps secure* and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no almanac,*
It knows when flowers are springing;
And waketh to its summer life
When nightingales are singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel sits,
The wood-mouse plays below;
And plenty of food it finds itself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

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In the hedge-sparrow's nest it sits,
When its summer brood* is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon* in his hall,
With the green green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree;
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there:
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that He regardeth* them—
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild* is spread
By Him who cares for all.

MARY HOWITT.

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PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

pret'-ty.	gen'-tle	drear'-y	night'-in-gales	mush'-room
for'-est	sel'-dom	spring'-ing	squir'-rel	heart'-i-ly
chest'-nut	wi'-ry	wăk'-eth	haw'-thorn	crea'-tures

WRITE:—

tail	*hedge*	*could*	*ripe*
slim	*boughs*	*brood*	*weak*

THE BOY AND THE PLUMS.

A MAN was taking a basket of plums to market. He carried the basket on his head. As he walked along the road, three or four of the plums dropped out, and fell on the ground.

The man did not notice them fall, so he went on. But a poor boy saw them fall, and picked them up.

"Here! here!" he called to the man; who turned round when he heard him, and stopped. The boy brought the plums to him, and put them in his hand.

"Thank you kindly," said the man as he took the fruit; "and now," said he, putting his basket on the ground, "take the best you can pick for yourself, for you are an honest boy."

When the man had gone on, a lad came up and said to the boy, "You might as well have kept all that fell; for then you could have given some to me."

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"No, no," replied the boy: "you may have this plum if you like, for it is mine to give; but if I had given you what was not mine, I should have been stealing. Poor as I am, I am too proud to lose my good name."

Questions.—What had the man in his basket? What happened as he walked along the road? Who picked them up? Did he keep them? What did he do? What did the man say to him? What did he offer him? What did the lad who came to him say? What did the boy reply?

Pronounce *in syllables*:—

tak'-ing	mar'-ket	a-long'	kind'-ly	your-self'	re-plied'
bas'-ket	car'-ried	no'-tice	put'-ting	hon'-est	steal'-ing

Write:—

plums	*turned*	*thank*	*fruit*
ground	*brought*	*might*	*walked*

THE TWO CROSSING-SWEEPERS.

They could not claim a single friend
Beneath the wide-spread sky;
But to each other they were bound
By poverty's strong tie.

Though poor, they were too proud to beg,
Too upright far to steal;
And gladly would they sweep and clear
To gain an honest meal.

But, sad to say, the only food
They often had to eat
Was scraps of bread and broken fruit
They picked up from the street.

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It was a bleak and bitter morn
Just at the close of March,
And they had slept the night before
Within a market arch.

As very hungry, very cold,
They wandered down the street,
Joe picked an apple from the ground,
And thought, "Why, here's a treat!

"It has been rather kicked about,
But it's a good one still;"
And, turning to his mate, he said,
"What have *you* picked up, Bill?"

"I haven't found a single scrap,"
Bill mournfully did say.—
"Then, as you are the younger, Bill,
Here—take and bite away."

The poor boy bit a small piece off:
"Ha! that won't do!" cried Joe;
"Bite bigger, Billy—bigger yet!
You're welcome—*that* you know!"

A noble lesson this should teach,
Dear children, unto you:
Do unto others as you would
That they to you should do.

R. P. S.

QUESTIONS.—What were the two boys too proud to do? and too upright to -? How did they get their living? What was the only food they often had? Where did they spend a night in March? What did Joe find in the morning? Did he begin to eat it himself? That would have been -? What did he do with it? What did he say when Bill bit off a small piece? What lesson should this teach us?

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USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE SEASONS.

INTO how many seasons is the year divided? Four: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

WINTER.—Which is the coldest season? Winter.

Is it winter all over the Earth at the same time? No; when it is winter in the northern half of the Earth, it is summer in the southern half; and when it is summer in the north, it is winter in the south. (See *Nelsons'* "*Geography and Atlas*," p. 8.)

When is it winter in either half of the Earth? When that half is least directly under the sun's rays.

What effect has this on the length of the days? The days are shortest in winter, and the nights longest. The shortest day is the middle of winter.

What kind of weather have we in winter? Very cold, with frost and snow.

What is snow? Water frozen as it falls from the clouds.

What is it when the drops are frozen into little balls? Hail.

Of what use is snow? It covers the earth, and guards the seeds and young plants from the frost.

Of what use is frost? It kills many insects that injure plants; and it crumbles the clods and makes them fit to receive the seed.

What is frozen water? Ice.

How do we play on the ice? We skate and slide.

How do we play with the snow? We build snow-houses, and throw snow-balls.

Where do the birds go in winter? Many of them go to warmer countries—as the swallow, the cuckoo, and the nightingale.

What do those that remain do? They come near our houses, and become very tame.

How are the birds fed on Christmas-day in some countries? A sheaf of corn is tied on a pole, and put up for them to eat.

What birds often hop into the house in winter? The robin redbreast in Britain; the black and white snow-bird in America.

What do some animals do in winter? Hide themselves in holes, and sleep for weeks at a time.

How do we keep our houses warm in winter? We have fires in our rooms.

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What does the fire burn in? The grate.

What do we burn in it? Wood and coal.

Where does coal come from? It is dug out of deep pits, far below the surface of the ground.

After the middle of winter, what do the days become? Longer and longer.

SPRING.—Which season follows Winter? Spring: so called because plants then begin to *spring* or grow.

What changes do you then see in nature? The grass becomes green, the flowers begin to send up new leaves, and the little buds appear on the hedges and trees.

What does the farmer do in spring? He ploughs and harrows the ground, and sows the seed.

What is a harrow? A large kind of rake with long teeth, used to break the clods of earth which the plough has turned up.

When is the ground harrowed again? After the seed is sown, to cover the seeds with earth.

What is the young corn like? Green, like blades of grass.

What helps it to grow? The rain and the sunshine.

What do the birds do in spring? They begin to build their nests.

What are the chief birds of spring? The thrush and the cuckoo, in England; in America, the robin and the song-sparrow. The cuckoo is called in England the bird of spring.

What is the length of the day in the middle of spring? The day is exactly the same length as the night. The sun rises at six in the morning, and sets at six in the evening.

SUMMER.—Which is the next season? Summer, the warmest season of the year.

What goes on in the fields in summer? Hay-making.

What is hay? Ripe grass cut down and dried in the sun.

For what is it used? To feed horses and cows, chiefly in winter, when they cannot get fresh grass.

What is the corn like in summer? It is full-grown, the ears are formed on the stalk, and it is growing yellow as it ripens in the sun.

What do you notice about the sheep in summer? It is the time when the little lambs play in the fields.

What is done to the sheep then? They are washed in a pool or stream, and then their wool is shorn.

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What are the birds doing in summer? The young birds have learned to fly about, and are singing in the woods.

What bird comes back to us in summer? The swallow.

Why are the woods and fields so pleasant in summer? The flowers are in full bloom, the air is sweet and soft, and the trees shelter us from the warm sunshine.

What is midsummer day? The longest day in the year.

And after that? The days get shorter and shorter, and so we are carried into Autumn.

AUTUMN.—What is Autumn the season of? Of harvest.

What is harvest? The in-gathering of the fruits of the earth.

What is the first work the farmer has to do then? Reaping, or cutting down the corn.

What is done with it after it is cut down? It is left in the fields to dry for some time, and is then built into stacks.

What is done with it, when it is required for food? It is sent to the threshing-mill, where the seeds are separated from the straw and from the chaff.

What is straw? The stalk or stem of corn.

What is it used for? As bedding for horses and as roofing for houses. Sometimes it is plaited, and made into hats and bonnets.

What is chaff? The empty husk of the corn-seed.

Where is the seed sent, from the threshing-mill? To the flour-mill, to be ground into flour and meal.

Where is it sent next? It is now ready for the baker, who makes it into loaves and rolls.

What kind of flour is chiefly used in making bread? Wheat-flour.

What does the farmer grow besides hay and corn? Pease and beans for his horses; turnips for his cattle in winter; and potatoes, to last us till next summer.

What else is gathered in autumn? Fruit is gathered, in gardens and orchards; nuts and blackberries are gathered in the woods.

What is the length of the day in the middle of autumn? The same length as the night,—as in the middle of spring.

But what difference is there? After the middle of spring, the days get longer and the nights shorter; after the middle of autumn, the days get shorter and the nights longer.

And after autumn? We pass again to the cold days of winter.

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TOO CLEVER.

FRED came from school the first half-year
As learnëd as could be,
And wished to show to all around
How smart a boy was he.

And so at dinner he began,—
"Papa, you think you see
Two roasted chickens on that dish,
Now I will prove them *three!*

"First, this is one, and that is two,
As plain as plain can be;
I add the one unto the two,
And two and one make three."—

"Just so," then answered his papa;
"If what you say is true,
I will take one, mamma takes one,
The third we leave for *you!*"

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

half-year′	a-round′	be-gan′	roast′-ed	an′-swered
learn′-ed	din′-ner	pa-pa′	chick′-ens	mam-ma′

WRITE:—

show	*think*	*first*	*plain*
school	*smart*	*prove*	*leave*

THE PRINCE AND THE PRISONERS.

THERE was once a prince who now and then paid a visit to the chief prison in the land over which he ruled.

One day he saw in the prison yard five

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prisoners, with chains on their wrists, going to their work.

He made them halt before him, and then asked them, one by one, how they came to be in prison.

The first man said that he had done no wrong, but that the chief witness against him had told a lie.

The second said that the judge who had put him in prison had had a spite against him.

The third said that he had been found guilty through a mistake.

The fourth said that he had been taken for another man.

For these reasons they all begged the prince to pardon them.

But he turned to the fifth man, and said, "And why are you here?"

"Alas!" he replied, "I stole a purse, and dare not ask your pardon."

"Then," said the prince, "you are not fit to live with such honest men as these, who say that they have done no wrong!"

Turning to the jailer, he said, "Take off this man's chains, and send him away. He has not added to his crime the sin of telling a lie."

QUESTIONS.—Where did the prince see the five prisoners? What did he ask them? What did the first man say? And the second? And the third? And the fourth? What did these all beg? What did the fifth say? What did the prince answer? What did he tell the jailer to do? Why?

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PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

vis'-it	wit'-ness	mis-take'	re-plied'	jail'-er
pris'-on-ers	a-gainst'	rea'-sons	hon'-est	add'-ed
go'-ing	guilt'-y	par'-don	turn'-ing	tell'-ing

WRITE:—

chief	*chains*	*judge*	*fifth*
prince	*wrists*	*wrong*	*purse*

THE BRAVE LITTLE HOLLANDER.

IN some parts of Holland the land lies so low, that the people have to build great walls of sand and earth, to keep out the sea. These walls are called *dykes*.

Sometimes the waves break down these walls, and then the sea rushes in through the breach, and spreads over the land.

Houses and trees, cattle and sheep, have thus been washed away, and many people drowned.

Once, when a little boy was going home in the evening, he saw a hole in one of the dykes, through which the water was trickling.

His father had often told him that when this happened, unless the water was stopped it would soon make the hole so big that the sea would flow over the land.

At first, he thought he would run home and tell his father. But then he said to himself, "It may be dark before father can come, and we shall not be able to find the hole again. Or it may get so large that it will be too late

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to stop it. I must stay now, and do the best I can alone."

The brave little boy sat down, and put his hand in the hole, to keep back the water. There he stayed, hour after hour, in the cold and the dark, all through the night!

In the morning, a man came past and saw him. He could not think what the boy was doing there. So he called out to him,—

"What are you doing there, my boy?"

"There is a hole in the dyke," said the boy, "and I am keeping back the water."

Poor little boy! he was so cold and tired that he could scarcely speak.

The man came quickly and set him free. He got the hole closed up, and thus the land was saved,—thanks to the brave little Hollander!

QUESTIONS.—What are *dykes?* What happens when they are broken down? What did a little boy once notice on his way home? What had his father told him? What did he at first think of doing? Why did he not do this? What did he do? How long did he remain there? Who found him there in the morning? In what state was he? What had the brave little Hollander done?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables:*—

Hol'-land	hous'-es	run'-ning	be-fore'	do'-ing
peo'-ple	cat'-tle	fa'-ther	a-gain'	keep'-ing
some'-times	go'-ing	un-less'	a-lone'	scarce'-ly
rush'-es	wa'-ter	him-self'	morn'-ing	quick'-ly

WRITE:—

dykes	*night*	*hour*	*thanks*
breach	*stream*	*built*	*stopped*

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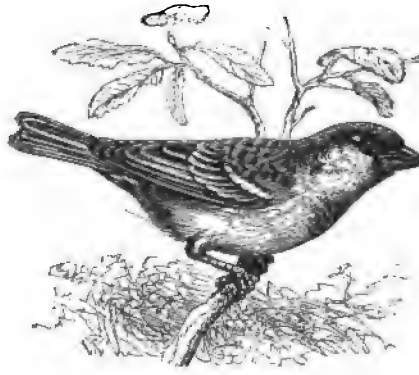

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

De-gree', rank. | Shields, protects.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;*
My life is of little value,—
But there's One who cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers:
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show;

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields* me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain!

And now that the spring-time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

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I have no barn or store-house,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world we are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid:
For we know there is One who keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

spar'-row	crim'-son	pleas'-ure	e-nough'	thick'-est
val'-ue	win'-ter	por'-tion	for-got'-ten	twi'-light
feath'-ers	bor'-dered	scan'-ty	crea'-tures	watch'-ing

WRITE:—

build | ground | spray | rain

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THE LION.

Couch'-es, lies down, prepared to spring.

Scare, frighten.
Scour, rush swiftly.

THE lion is called the "king of beasts." He is fierce and bold, very noble-looking, and of great strength.

The home of the largest lions is far away in the wild mountains and great plains of Africa.

The lion lives also in Asia; but there he is not so large and strong as the lion of Africa.

He is seldom seen abroad during the day; but when the sun is going down, the lion leaves his den and goes forth to hunt. He

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steals along softly, and makes no sound as he treads.

When all is still, his terrible voice is heard. In the silence of the night it sounds like thunder.

If he is near a village, the dogs bark, and the horses, oxen, and camels rush about in terror; for they know the voice of the lion. The men light fires all around, and toss about flaming torches, to scare* him away.

But he minds them very little. He goes on to the place where the cattle are kept, and in a few minutes a horse or a cow falls beneath his terrible paw. In this way the natives of the north of Africa often lose a great part of their flocks and herds.

Although the lion seldom leaves his den before evening, yet, when he is hungry, he may even in the day-time be found roaming over the plains.

There, large herds of wild asses and antelopes go trooping along.

They scent the lion at a great distance; and when they hear his voice, they scour* away over the desert like the wind.

In their terror, some of them come near the place where the lion lies hid. Then he couches,* his eye glares, and with one bound he springs on his prey.

The lion has a long, shaggy mane, and his skin is of a dull yellow colour.

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LION. LIONESS.

The lioness is much smaller than the lion, and she has no mane.

She makes her home in the deepest part of the forest, and there she lives with her young ones. Woe to him, whether man or beast, that comes near the lioness in her den!

QUESTIONS.—What is the lion called? For what is he remarkable? Where is the home of the largest lions? Where else is the lion found? When does he go forth to hunt? How are the other animals then alarmed? How do men try to scare him away? Where do flocks and herds suffer greatly from his attacks? What sometimes makes him come out in the day-time? What animals does he then prey upon? How does he catch them? In what does the lioness differ from the lion?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

lar'-gest	si'-lence	cam'-els	sel'-dom	troop'-ing
moun'-tains	thun'-der	flăm'-ing	huñ'-gry	dis'-tance
ter'-ri-ble	vil'-lage	min'-utes	roam'-ing	an'-te-lopes

WRITE:—

power | *sound* | *scent* | *voice*
plains | *leaves* | *plains* | *beast*

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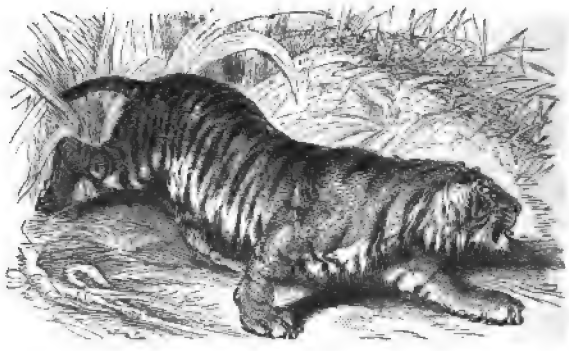

THE TIGER.

Haunts, the places he frequents. | **Prey**, animals seized for food.
Hav'oc, destruction; slaughter. | **Vic'tim**, prey.

IN India, there are vast tracts of waste land called *jungle*. The jungle is a part of the forest overgrown with tall thick grass and bushes. It is there chiefly that the tiger has his haunts.* There, by day as well as by night, he is on the watch for his prey.*

The skin of the tiger is covered all over with beautiful black stripes.

Though the tiger is very handsome with his beautiful striped skin, he is more fierce and cruel than any other creature that lives in the forest. People are even more afraid of him than they are of the lion. The lion is content with enough to satisfy his hunger, but the tiger is never satisfied. He tries to kill all he can, and dreadful is the havoc* he often makes.

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The tiger creeps through the jungle so softly, that he can get near his prey without noise or alarm. Then with a swift bound he springs upon his victim,* and strikes it down.

The tiger does not run, as the horse does. He goes over the ground by making bounds or springs, one after the other, faster than the fleetest horse can run!

When an army is encamped near a jungle, the men require to be on the watch, for sometimes a tiger springs out. He has been known to seize a man and carry him off, before anything could be done to save him.

The tiger swims with the utmost ease. When he is hunted, if he is near a river he will plunge into it at once, and swim boldly across to the jungle on the other side. In this way he often escapes from the hunters. In India the tiger is hunted with elephants and dogs.

QUESTIONS.—What is the jungle? What animal has his haunts there? What difference is there between the tiger and the lion? What is the colour of the tiger's skin? Why are people more afraid of him than of the lion? How does he catch his prey? How does he go over the ground? What has he been known to do when an army was encamped near the jungle? How does he often escape from the hunters? How is he hunted?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

jun'-gle	ti'-ger	col'-our	hun'-ger	en-camped'
for'-est	shag'-gy	cru'-el	sat'-is-fied	re-quire'
chief'-ly	yel'-low	con-tent'	fleet'-est	el'-e-phants

WRITE:—

India | fierce | tiger | seize

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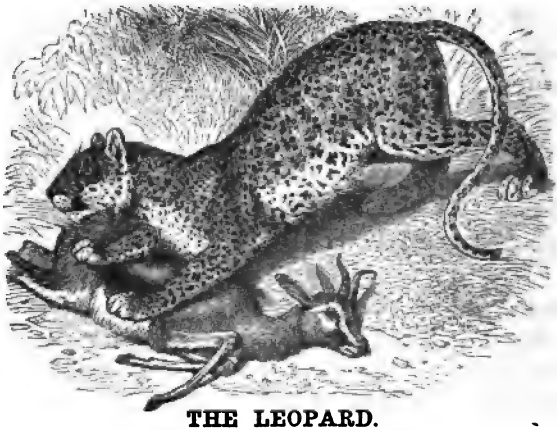

THE LEOPARD.

Ref-uge, hiding-place. | Prowls, roves in search of prey.

THE leopard is one of the most beautiful of the animals of the cat tribe. It is found both in Asia and in Africa. It is not so large as the tiger, but its form is more graceful, and its yellow skin is covered with beautiful black spots.

In India it is called the tree-tiger; because it can run up a tree like a cat, and climb from bough to bough. It thus catches many creatures of the forest that the lion and the tiger could not reach.

When a leopard is hunted, he hides himself as long as he can in the jungle; but the dogs run among the long grass, and soon find him out. When driven from his refuge,* he tries to escape by running up a tree.

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There he is safe from the dogs, but not from the guns of the hunters. But they dare not go too near, lest he should spring upon them. They keep at some distance, and try to shoot him.

Sometimes he is shot down at once; but if he is only wounded, he will spring upon them. Many a hunter has been hurt by the teeth and claws of a wounded leopard.

The leopard is as fond of chickens as the fox; and, like him, he prowls* about the hen-roost at night. In the morning the farmer will know that he has had a visit from the leopard, when he finds, as he sometimes does, that all his fowls are gone.

The leopard has often been tamed, and in a tame state he is very playful. The cubs of the leopard are pretty, graceful creatures, and sport about with each other like so many kittens.

QUESTIONS.—To what tribe of animals does the leopard belong? Where is it found? What is its skin covered with? What is it called in India? Why? What does a leopard do when he is hunted? What, when driven out of the jungle? How is he killed then? Why do the hunters need to be careful? Of what does he often rob the farmer?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

leop'-ard	Af'-ri-ca	driv'-en	wound'-ed	vis'-it
an'-i-mals	grace'-ful	e-scape'	chick'-ens	play'-ful
A'-sia	hunt'-ed	dis'-tance	farm'-er	pret'-ty

WRITE:—

found	*teeth*	*know*	*cubs*
bough	*claws*	*fowls*	*sport*

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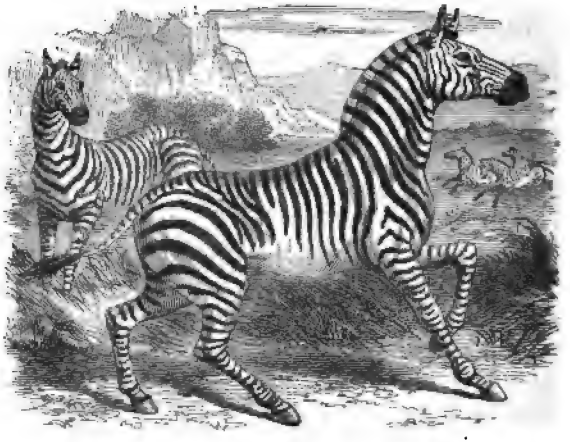

THE ZEBRA.

THE zebra is the most beautiful of all the animals of the ass tribe. Its home is in Africa.

Its skin is smooth as velvet. Its body is marked all over with black stripes, which extend down to its very feet.

It is found chiefly in hilly districts, which it loves better than the plains.

It is a very timid creature, fleeing to its mountain home when alarmed by the sight of any strange object.

Travellers say that troops of beautiful striped zebras may often be seen in Africa drinking at springs of water.

They go to the springs generally between sunset and sunrise.

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There they are followed by the lion, who often steals upon them before they are aware of their danger.

The moment the zebras know of the presence of their terrible foe, they flee in the wildest terror to the hills, or across the plain.

It is said that the lion will not go to the springs when the moon shines brightly, as then he would easily be seen.

He loves the darkness; for then the beautiful zebra more readily becomes his prey.

It has been found impossible to tame this beautiful creature. The zebra cannot be made to work like the horse or the ass.

It has been made for a life of freedom—to gallop about among the hills and the wild desert plains of Africa.

QUESTIONS.—To what tribe of animals does the zebra belong? What marks has it on its skin? Where is it chiefly found? When do the zebras go to the springs? What animal follows them there? What do the zebras do when they know of his approach? When does the lion not go to the springs? Why? What great difference is there between the zebra and the horse or the ass?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

ze'-bra	dis'-tricts	trav'-el-lers	a-ware'	bright'-ly
vel'-vet	tim'-id	be-tween'	dan'-ger	ea'-si-ly
ex-tend'	moun'-tain	gen'-er-al-ly	ter'-ri-ble	read'-i-ly
chief'-ly	a-larmed'	fol'-lowed	wild'-est	free'-dom

WRITE:—

tribe	*sight*	*steals*	*horse*
smooth	*stripes*	*strange*	*found*

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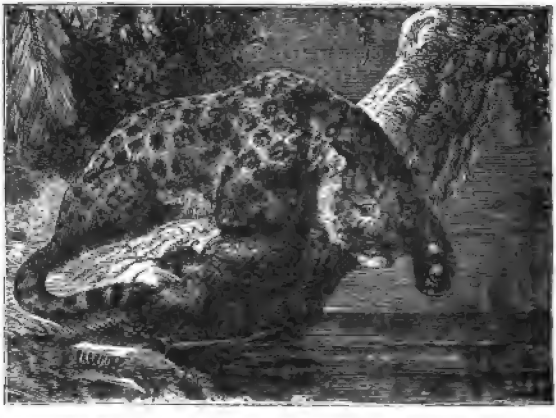

THE JAGUAR.

Nim'-ble, active; quick in motion. | **Lei'-sure**, spare time; ease.

THE jaguar has his home in the New World. He lives in the great forests of South America.

His skin is covered with dark spots, something like the leopard's, and he may be called the leopard of America.

The favourite food of the jaguar is the flesh of the monkey; but he finds it no easy task to catch the nimble* monkeys.

Sometimes, however, he finds them sleeping high up on the trees; and then he steals among them before they are aware that he is near.

A few strokes of his terrible paw soon dashes some of them to the ground. The jaguar then descends, to feast at his leisure.*

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Travellers in the forests often hear the fierce roar of the jaguar, mingled with the yells of the monkeys. These sounds tell of the deadly work that is going on among the trees.

The jaguar also feeds on other animals, and is strong enough to kill a deer or a horse.

If any animal pursued by the jaguar should take to the water, that makes no difference to him. He plunges into the water after it, and soon seizes his prey.

The jaguar is also fond of fish, and watches for them by the river-side.

As soon as a fish comes within reach, he strikes it with his paw, and with his sharp claws he throws it on the bank.

He catches birds too; and so quick are his movements, that he will bound within reach of a bird, and strike it down before it has time to escape.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the jaguar live? What other animal is he like? What is his favourite food? How does he best succeed in catching them? What other animals does the jaguar feed on? What does he do if his prey takes to the water? How does he catch fish? What else does he catch? How?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

jag'-uar	leop'-ard	de-scends'	pur-sued'	seiz'-es
for'-ests	fa'-vour-ite	mifi'-gled	dif'-fer-ence	watch'-es
cov'-ered	mofi'-key	e-nough'	plun'-ges	move'-ments

WRITE:—

world	*feast*	*reach*	*quick*
south	*strokes*	*sounds*	*claws*

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ELLIPTICAL DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE SHORT AND LONG VOWEL SOUNDS.

bad
bade
If he you do what is wrong he is a man, and should be avoided.

back
bake
I told her to the bread when she came from the market.

can
cane
Cain
He has been in the West Indies, and tell you all about the sugar . We read that slew his brother Abel.

car
care
The old coachman drove the with great along the narrow road.

far
fare
fair
It is not to charge so large a for driving me only as as the castle. The poet says, "None but the brave deserves the ."

fat
fate
The man has met with the strangest you can imagine.

glad
glade
We were to walk in the grassy , and smell the sweet flowers.

man
mane
main
The rode with might and on a horse which had a long and a short tail. It is a part of the work of a to improve his mind.

mad
made
maid
The dog bit our . This us all afraid that the would be as as the dog; so we had him shot.

mat
mate
The watchman gave his , who had to be out all night, a to lie on.

pan
pane
pain
The window is made of glass; the is made of iron. The of the wound I received on my knee is very severe.

pat
pate
The dog gave the old man a on his with his paw, as he lay on the ground.

rag
rage
In his he tore the from his wounded arm, because the pain was so great.

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rat
rate
The ran to his hole at a great when he saw the dog.

stars
stares
stairs
The walls of our are covered with small golden , at which my little boy as often as he goes up or down

tax
tacks
takes
He a hammer and to nail down the carpet. The man who up the income is called a gatherer.

her
here
How often have you seen since she came ? Look, she is with aunt.

bid
bide
If you would succeed, you must your time, as I have always you do.

din
dine
Have you noticed what a a number of boys make when they together?

fin
fine
He caught a fish by the . He will have to pay a heavy if he is found out.

fir
fire
The wood of the tree makes a bright on a winter night.

hid
hide
hied
The captain him to the place where the rebel was supposed to ; but he must have been in a different place, for no traces of him were seen.

kin
kine
A man's are those of his own blood. is another word for cows.

mill
mile
When you have walked another you will come to the beside the stream.

quit
quite
quiet
I am sure that the nurse will not the house till the children are . A and docile manner is expected in children at school.

sit
site
sight
Here I quiet and solitary on the of an old church, in of the busy city. The fire was a splendid , and we were able to for hours and look at it.

still
stile
style
The bull, having chased us in the most furious till we reached the , then stood and bellowed with all his might.

strip
stripe
He gave me a smart on the left shoulder with a long of leather.

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thin / thine — My arm is not so as ; but is stronger than mine.

till / tile — He covered the hole with his foot I fetched a broad and closed it up.

whit / white — The walls of the chamber are , and not a stained.

will / wile — As no man is more free from than he, I don't think that he favour the scheme.

writ / write / rite / right — The lawyer was ordered to a summoning the man to appear before the court at the time. My brother, who saw the performed, undertook to an account of it. He is the man in the place.

dots / dotes — He has put after the names of the books which he on.

hop / hope — We you will remember to send us the samples of which you promised.

not / note / naught — I sent you a , though you say that you have received it. He has set at all laws, human and divine.

rod / rode / road — I was vexed to see you use the so often to your horse as you along the before me on your way to town.

rot / wrought / rote / wrote / root — The poet himself into a frenzy, and then a poem, which I can repeat by . I fear the oak tree which the prince planted has begun to at the , its branches are so dry. The gardener for a week before he could dig out the of the elm tree.

cur / cure — My whip will soon the ill-natured of his naughty tricks.

tub / tube — There is a from the spring at the foot of the garden to the in the cellar.

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